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ARMENIA AND THE ARMENIANS.

ARMENIAN PRIEST.

WHAT is known in history as Armenia is a region somewhat larger than New England and New York combined, and yet the scholars in our schools cannot find so much as the name of Armenia in some of the best books of geography which they study. The reason for this is that Armenia, though very important historically, is no longer a nation by itself. At present it is only a part of Turkey, and it has come so fully under the authority of the Turkish Sultan at Constantinople that it is difficult to give any exact bounds which mark it off from the rest of Turkey.

Armenia lies in the eastern part of Asia Minor, south and south-east of the Black Sea. From Constantinople you must travel some six hundred miles towards the sunrising to reach its

western border, and then you must travel four hundred and thirty miles before you come to its eastern border. It is a fine mountainous country, with several large rivers. Near the centre of this region is the famous Mount Ararat, where the ark rested, and many suppose that the garden of Eden was somewhere within the boundaries of Armenia. On this account the region has been called the cradle of our race.

The Armenians themselves claim that they were descended from a great grand-son of Noah named Haig, and hence they call themselves Haiks. The race is evidently a very ancient one, and was known long before Christ. Some of the Armenians say that the Gospel was brought to their ancestors by the Apostle Thaddeus only a few years after Christ died. But whether this is true or not, it is true that Christianity became the religion of the state in the beginning of the fourth century. This was accomplished through the influence of Gregory, called the "Illuminator," who was a remarkable man, and is still held in highest esteem by Armenians, as a saint and a teacher. The Bible was translated into the Armenian language as early as A.D. 411, and the people still possess copies of it in their churches, holding it in great reverence. But since that early day the language has passed through such changes that the old Armenian is not understood by the people, and the Bible, though they have it in their hands, is practically in an unknown tongue. Oftentimes the priests themselves do not understand the words they use; they only repeat the sounds which they have heard. The Armenians were conquered by the Mohammedans in the year 837 A.D., and ever since have suffered, oftentimes in terrible ways, from the oppression of their masters. The whole race is now estimated at about four million souls, but they are widely scattered; probably not over a quarter part of the four millions live within the bounds of Armenia. The rest of them are to be found in Russia, Persia, and India, as well as in Constantinople and other parts of Europe.

Though the Armenians claim the name of Christian, they know little or nothing of the gospel as Jesus taught it. In some respects they are like the Roman Catholics, and one section of them acknowledges the authority of the Roman Church. But the orthodox Armenians are followers of Gregory, and so are often termed Gregorians, and the head of the Church, called

the Catholicus, lives at Elchmiadzin, not very far from the borders of Russian Armenia. They possess the Bible, though, as may be supposed, from the fact that they have lost the use of their ancient language, they do not understand it, they are not much influenced by its teachings, and believe in the worship of images, pictures, and of the cross. They confess to their priests, but they reject in theory the doctrine of purgatory, though many of the common people seem to believe in such a state. They celebrate the mass, and believe that the bread used in the sacrament is literally changed into the body of Christ. But forms of service do not make men holy, and the Armenian Church is very corrupt. What good could be expected to come from a religion which consists in worshipping in a church where the priest stands with his back to the people, and mumbles over words which the audience cannot comprehend, of which, possibly, he himself does not know the meaning? As a body, they are as ignorant of Christian truth as they would be if they had never heard of the name of Christ. It is sad to think of so many who have the Bible in their hands, but who do not know the power of the Gospel.

Armenian Bishop.

The Armenians are numerous as merchants and bankers throughout the East, especially at the city of Antioch, of which we give an engraving. For six hundred years Antioch deserved the title given it by Pliny—"the Queen of the East." Here was a magnificent temple of Apollo, and the famous grove of Daphne was the scene at once of the greatest profligacy and splendour.

A high degree of Greek civilization was mingled with an Asiatic luxury. To the addiction of the inhabitants to a scurrilous wit and the invention of nicknames, may be attributed the appellation of Christians first given in this city, in derision and scorn, to the followers of Jesus Christ. On the decline of the Roman empire, it suffered severely by wars with Persia. In 331 it was visited by a famine so terrible that a bushel of wheat sold for 400 pieces of silver. When Julian the Apostate endeavoured to restore the worship of Apollo at his once famous shrine, he found only a single miserable priest, and the only sacrifice to the god that he could present was—a goose. Its luxury had once been so dangerous that the Roman soldiery were stringently forbidden to approach the place. Here, in purple and jewels, the most accomplished courtiers lived and reveled in pleasure. But now the half-naked barbarian herds his goats among the ruins of Apollo's worship, and chases the fox and jackal over the ashes of classic glory.

As to morals, we cannot praise the ancient people of Antioch. It was at once the greatest and the worst of all Greek Oriental cities under the sway of Rome. Nevertheless, Christianity in Antioch won vast trophies during the early centuries, and here was founded the Church of the Gentiles; at one time there were, in the city limits, 360 churches and monasteries. From here, Paul and Barnabas, with other devoted souls, went forth with the Gospel into the West, and as a result we are now rejoicing in its blessed hopes. Ten councils holden here, at which Arianism and other heresies were condemned, give Antioch a prominent place in Church history. Among the powerful patriarchates of the early Church, as Constantinople, Rome, Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch, the latter occupied a conspicuous place, and exists, under the Greek Church, until this hour. In letters and oratory the city furnished some distinguished names, such as Ignatius, Theophilus, John Chrysostom, Severus, and Sergius, all famous in the Church.

The political history of Antioch, is most eventful, and might be introduced by the statement that it has been wholly or partially destroyed by earthquakes nearly twenty times, the last one occurring in 1872. On two of these occasions 260,000 souls perished in three minutes. The city was captured and plundered by Sapor, of Persia. Justinian rebuilt and called it "The City

of God," in A.D. 536. It was twice taken by Chosroes, was captured by the Saracens, A.D. 638, and retaken by Nicephorus Phocas A.D. 966. One hundred thousand Saracens perished in an attempt to recapture it, A.D. 970. After a terrific siege, Godfrey of Bouillon captured the city, June 3, 1098, and next it fell into the hands of the Sultans of Egypt, A.D. 1268. It was, however, speedily turned over to the Turks, who have remained its masters to this day, except during a brief period from 1839 to 1840, when it was held by Ibrahim, Pasha of Egypt, who was compelled by the interposition of England to restore it to the Turks.

At the present time Antioch contains about 13,000 souls, consisting of Moslems, Greeks, Pagans, Jews, Armenians, Catholics, and Protestants. Missionary operations are carried on by the American Board and the Reformed Presbyterians of Ireland. The latter, using the Arabic language, have large and flourishing schools under the care of Rev. James Martin, M.D., with Sabbath and weekly preaching services, attended by considerable numbers. There is a Church here, with a native pastor, connected with the mission of the American Board. Efforts towards self-support are promising. Surely in the missionary efforts put forth in Asia Minor this ancient home of Christians should not be forgotten.

The stream in the foreground of the picture is the famous Orontes. The fortifications which dominate the town were erected by Ibrahim Pasha. The streets are narrow and crooked, and it is difficult to believe that this squalid town is the successor of that city of brilliant Greek civilization which fills so large a place in history.

"SILENT TO THE LORD."

REST and be silent! For, faithfully listening,
  Patiently waiting, thine eyes shall behold
Pearls in the waters of quietness glistening,
  Treasures of promise that He shall unfold.
Rest and be silent! for Jesus is here,
Calming and stilling each ripple of fear.

ON THE ERIE.

A Perspective on the Erie.

Of all the *routes* from Western Canada to the American seaboard, the most attractive is the Erie Railway.* Traversing the rugged region along the southern border of New York State, it presents a ceaseless variety of picturesque and beautiful scenery. Taking our seat in the luxuriously furnished car at the Suspension Bridge, we glide slowly over that wondrous wire-woven structure, which links, as if in bonds of brotherhood, the two

* It has a long new name now—"New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railway," but it will always be most familiar as "The Erie."

kindred countries. We never cross that marvellous structure without admiration of the genius which hung high in air—two hundred and fifty feet above the foaming river—this iron way, along which throb, like life-blood through an artery, the currents of international commerce. The view is strangely unique. The tortured stream raves at such a dizzy depth below that the tumult of its waters come softened to the ear. Looking up the river, the snowy veil of the falls curtains the view, and the column of spray forever ascends to the sky. Looking down, the deep gorge narrows, the rocky walls so compress the rapid river that the waters, heaped and pent, roll in great waves like those of a stormy sea.

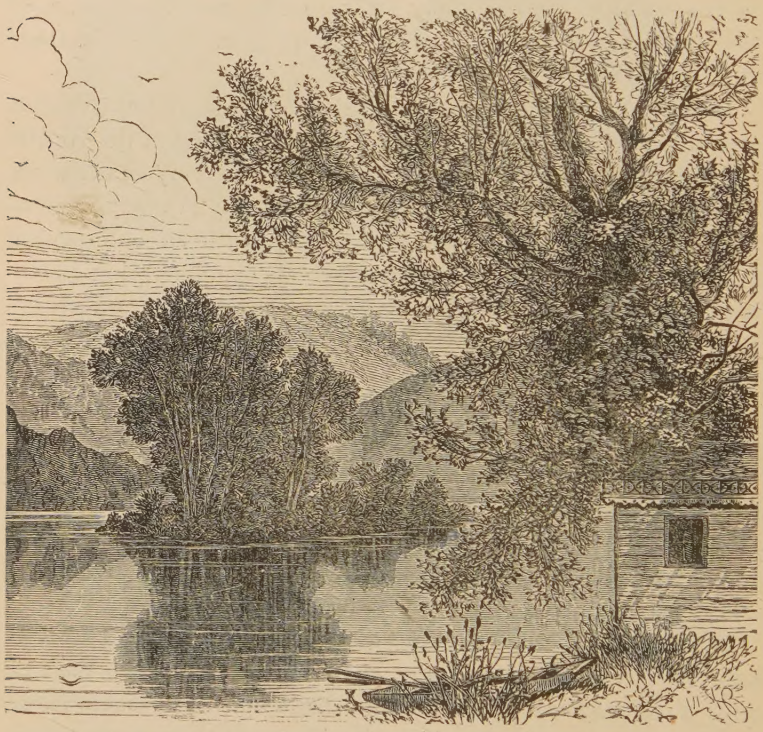
Soon we reach the unpicturesque assemblage of huge wooden caravanseries and Indian trinket-shops that disfigure the borders of the noblest cataract in the world. They are very much worse than on the Canadian side, because there are so many more of them, and because our American friends, with an enterprising audacity, have established all manner of manufacturing industries within the very heart, as it were, of this sublime sanctuary of nature. Let us hope that the wise suggestion of Lord Dufferin will be adopted, and that this sublime scene may be restored, as far as possible, to its native simplicity and majesty, unmarred by the petty trivialities and impertinences of man.

Speeding swiftly along the river side, we catch glimpses of the snowy rapids, where the seething waters hasten to the awful plunge, and then of the broad mirror-like flood where they smile and dimple like a happy child, unconscious of the perils of an unknown future.

There to the left is seen the pall of smoke, where a great city toils like a Vulcan at the forge, and near at hand the acres and acres of railway cars attest the immense traffic that accumulates at this great *entrepot.* But if wealth is won at those sooty forges and crowded wharves, it is easy to see how it is spent in the elegant villas which crowd the long and noble tree-lined avenues. If we could conceive of the city as possessed of a personal conciousness, we would think it must feel a perpetual chagrin that while it might have borne the poetic and musical name of Erie or Niagara, it is branded forever with the prosaic name of Buffalo!

As we proceed eastward the country becomes more undulating.

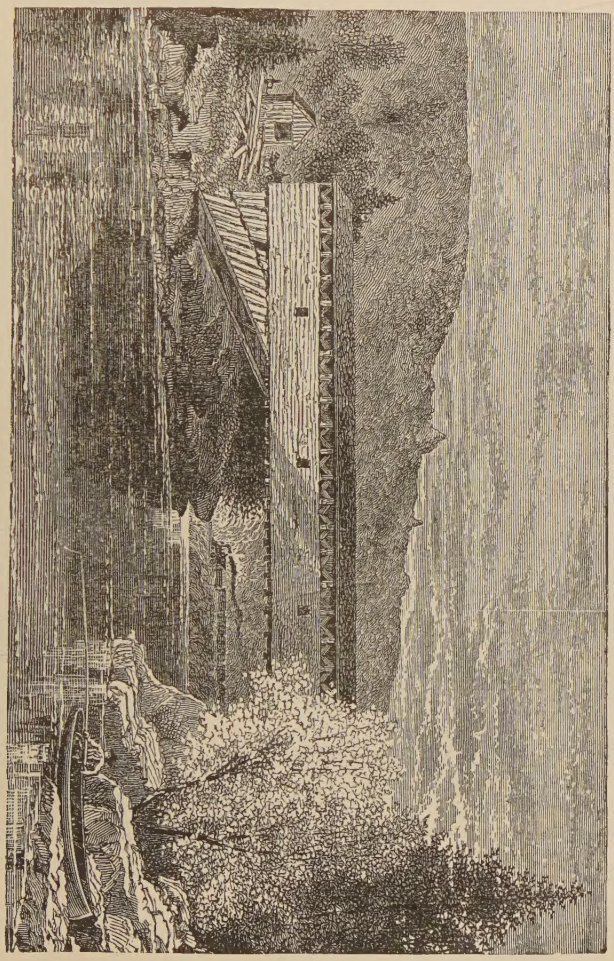
Broad valleys lie beneath the eye, and cultivated uplands slope to the far horizon. The fields of golden grain or of rich green pasture, look like the divisions of a great chess board, while the white, dusty country roads look like a great riband winding over the hills. In the valleys nestle peaceful villages, with their taper spires and snow-white school-houses, surrounded by the orchards and wheat-fields—the very picture of comfort and content. Surely the Happy Valley of Raselas was not more fair.



On the Susquehanna.

The view of the Genesee River and Falls, which bursts upon the sight at Portage, is one of the most striking on the whole line of the road. The railway crosses the chasm on a fragile looking viaduct 350 feet above the water. The trestle work is constructed of wrought iron ; but from the dizzy height at which we behold it, it looks as if woven by fairies, almost of gossamer. Yet it is firm and rigid beneath the ponderous trains that cease-

lessly pass over it. Almost beneath the bridge are the Portage Falls—indeed, there are in close proximity three separate falls, where the river leaps respectively sixty, ninety, and a hundred and ten feet, and then for several miles flows between perpendicular banks four hundred feet high. For the tourist in search

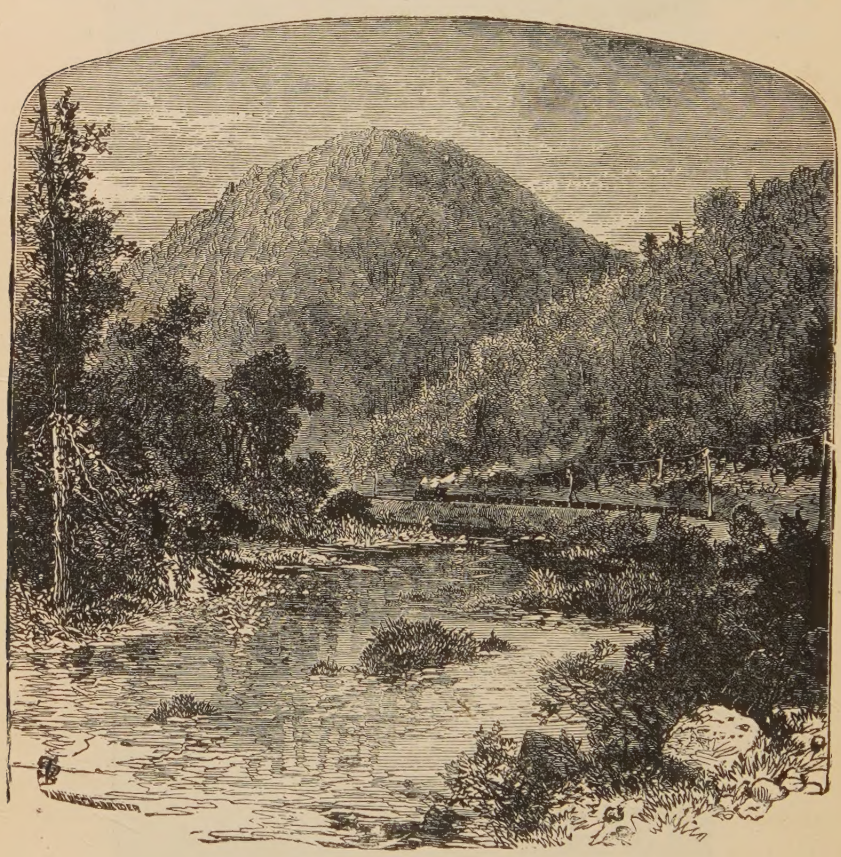


OLD BRIDGE ON THE DELAWARE.

of the picturesque, this is an admirable place to stop over for a time.

We recommend tourists for pleasure to stay all night at the pleasant little city of Elmira, instead of rushing past the charming scenery in a sleeping-car. This is also a convenient place from

which to visit the famous Watkins' Glen, distant two hours' ride by rail. It is also the point of junction with the Lehigh Valley Railway for Philadelphia. As we advance eastward the valley becomes narrower, and high hills hem in the road on every side. We follow the winding Conisteo, Tioga, and Susquehanna rivers for over a hundred miles. This feature of eastern travel makes



SUGAR-LOAF KNOB.

railway riding in southern New York and in Pennsylvania and New England much more interesting than in the Western States. In the latter, the road, straight as an arrow, traverses limitless stretches of prairie, through monotonous and seemingly endless fields of wheat or maize. In the former, the prospect is ceaselessly changing. The Erie follows the many windings of these

rivers, giving now beautiful sunlit vistas, where the light sparkles on the flashing waters—now a view of some lonely islet crowned with its clump of umbrageous elms; or an ancient bridge spanning a quiet stream, with its hollow echoes when the stage-coach rumbles through, beneath whose shadows the trout love to lurk; or some verdurous "knob," as the hills here-a-way are called, shagged with woods to the very top, and glorious with sunlight sheen—a sylvan solitude, which, but for the presence of the railway, seems as primeval as the world before the flood.

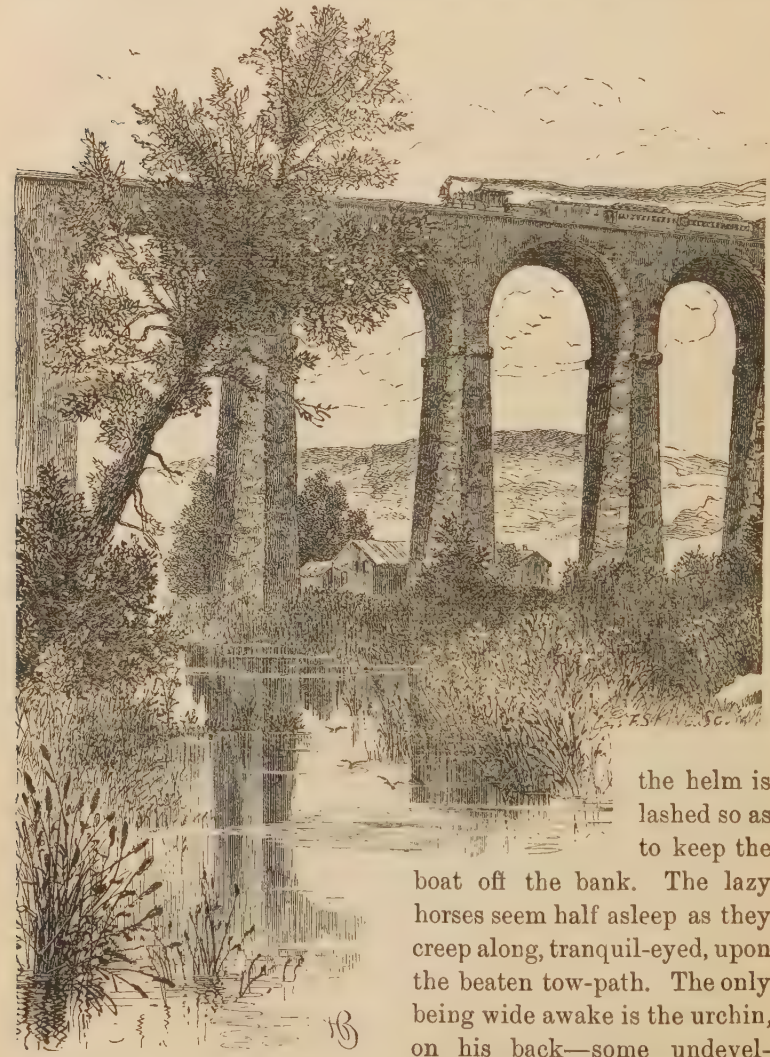
The grandest view on the Erie is unquestionably that from the summit of the grade which climbs the watershed between the Susquehanna and the Delaware. Higher and ever higher we climb, till, from a shoulder of the mountain, a bird's-eye view of the lovely Susquehanna Valley lies beneath the eye—one of the fairest that ever met the sight of man. The construction of the railway along this mountain ledge has been very costly. We were told that $3,000,000 was expended upon three miles. Indeed, the making of the road was declared to be impossible, and its accomplishment was one of the greatest engineering feats of the time. In places the workmen had to be suspended by ropes from above, in order to drill and blast out a ledge for he iron way.

There are many noble viaducts on the road, of one of which we give a sketch, but the grandest of them all is the famous Starucca Viaduct, near the great bend of the Susquehanna. It is a piece of magnificent masonry, bridging a broad valley and commanding a majestic view. Compared with the great railway enterprises of the last forty years on this continent, the great roads of the Romans and the Pyramids of Egypt are insignificant.

The part of the journey along the Delaware river is peculiarly attractive, from the fact that a good part of the way we have a full view of the winding stream and of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, with the slow-gliding barges and the frequent towns and villages. Canal travelling must be the perfection of lazy *dolce far niente.* Tennyson's experience in the Fen Country enables him to idealize this unpoetic feature,—

> By the margin, willow-veiled,
> Slide the barges, heavy trailed
> By slow horses.

From the rushing train it looks like an idyl of a hundred years ago. The gentle ripple at the bow scarce disturbs the glassy surface. The bargeman lies upon the deck asleep, his good wife knits in the shadow, the domestic cat purrs at her feet, the helm is lashed so as to keep the boat off the bank. The lazy horses seem half asleep as they creep along, tranquil-eyed, upon the beaten tow-path. The only being wide awake is the urchin, on his back—some undeveloped Garfield, perhaps, full of eager hopes of the future.



VIADUCT ON THE ERIE RAILWAY.

As we near New York, thriving cities rapidly succeed each other, but all dwarfed by the great metropolis—destined to become one of the greatest cities in the world.

CHRISTIANITY—IDEAL AND ACTUAL.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL S. NELLES, D.D., LL.D.
President of Victoria University, Cobourg.

THE very word Ideal is a kind of inspiration. It points to something higher and more beautiful. It is the poetic side of things, and, though it may leave the Actual lagging behind, it has power, more or less, to draw the Actual upward and onward toward itself. The Ideal is prophetic, and will not prophesy in vain. The Actual is only for the hour; the Ideal is for evermore, being the brightness and beauty of the Infinite seeking to mirror itself in the soul of the Finite.

Christianity, as a Divine religion, has this ideal character, but as embodied among men it must of necessity take on something of limitation and imperfection.

"Quicquid recipitur, recipitur ad modum recipientis."

The history of the Christian Church for eighteen hundred years, is but the story of this struggle of a Divine religion with human limitations. This makes Church history the melancholy tale that it is, and gives occasion to the skeptic and the scoffer. But over against the shadow stands always the Eternal Light, all undimmed in its native splendour, and so penetrating the human and earthy as to make it bear more and more the image of the heavenly.

The confounding of the Ideal with the Actual, that is, the confounding of Christianity with the Church, is the most serious danger that always besets the believer on the one hand and the unbeliever on the other. Men of the world point with scorn to the errors and imperfections of the Church; while the Church herself is disposed to an "apotheosis of error" by exalting her partial views and attainments, her forms and interpretations of Scripture, into a permanent standard, into an absolute and final expression of the religion of Christ. Thus it happened that Voltaire, in assailing the corrupt ecclesiasticism of his time, was generally regarded as assailing Christianity, for he assailed the long-continued and prevailing form of it. The immense distinction between what was taught in the New Testament and

what had usurped its place, scarcely broke upon the great scoffer's mind, learned and acute as he was, and there are many still, even outside of the Roman Catholic Church, who fail to recognise as they should this great feature in the history of that period. Protestantism partly corrects the tendency to this confusion, by the prominence it gives to Biblical authority, and by thus reverting to the ideal and Divine standard as foreshadowed in the Old Testament, and as fully revealed in the New. But Protestantism is still human, has, so to speak, its un-Protestant side, and easily glides down into a kind of contented and self-satisfied dogmatism. In fact it never did, in some directions, altogether raise itself out of the old mediæval and scholastic system. It has vigorously asserted the great principles of spiritual life and progress, but in carrying out those principles it has to contend with the same old proclivities—the popery in every man's breast—and it has to battle as well with some new evils of an opposite kind. The Protestantism of England in the eighteenth century needed the Wesleyan Revival to save it from death, and this fact is full of admonition for all time. The Protestantism of to-day is slow to look inward and closely at herself; but there are signs enough of her blindness and weakness, and her need of some great visitation of God. In what way this visitation will come it is hard to predict, but it will assuredly come, and something is gained by every earnest word that tends to break the evil spell of self-complacency and dogmatic conceit, even though it be the harsh, rugged word of a man like Thomas Carlyle, or the retreating and Romanising cries of saintly and scholarly men like Keble and Newman in the great Oxford reaction.

The Revised Version of the Scriptures, the increasing earnestness and freedom of Biblical study, the disposition shown in some quarters to revise and simplify subordinate standards, and the growing tendency among all Christian people to work together on a common basis of essential truth—all these are wholesome and hopeful signs. The assaults of the skeptic may also be overruled for good, by leading the Church to reconsider her lines of defence, to abandon untenable positions, and to discriminate more firmly between matters of faith and matters of opinion. Nor can the great Roman and Greek Churches fail to feel the disturbing and renovating influences of the time. Acknowledging, as they do, the common Ideal, and many of the common evan-

gelical principles, they will be either persuaded or constrained eventually to throw their misleading traditions into the background, and to defend their positions by reason and Scripture.

All forms and types of actual Christianity alike require to be perpetually and directly confronted with the inspired records, and with the life and character of Him who is the true Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. That which devolves upon the individual disciple of Christ for his personal improvement must equally devolve upon the whole body of disciples as collected in Churches. To group believers together does not make them more infallible, nor does the adoption of the words of an eminent teacher, or conclave of teachers, make them any less the words of man, nor exempt them from the great law of mutation without which there is no healthy growth. The agreement of millions in an exposition of faith may be but the unanimity of ignorance or custom, and the venerableness of a system may be but the antiquity of error.

"Philosophy exists," says an eminent philosopher, "to correct the inadvertencies of popular thinking." The Holy Scriptures exist, among other reasons, to correct the inadvertencies and misconceptions, not only of popular religion but of systematic and school divinity as well. There is a close correspondence between the Church's apprehension of Christ in thought, and her apprehension of Him in life and character. Her thought is her imperfect intuition of the Divine Ideal; her life is her imperfect realisation of her own imperfect thought. She travels forward from thought to life, and also backward from life to thought. In this way she advances toward perfection, and needs freedom of movement on the theoretical side as well as on the practical. She is at best but the embodiment of *her conception* of the Ideal, never altogether of the Ideal itself. Her word is not the Eternal Logos, but her feeble rendering of it. The greatest sculptor mourns over the defects of his finest statue, having dreams of beauty that his chisel cannot reach; so mourns the Church over her failure to reach the full lineaments of her Divine Ideal. Scholars and poets, through all time, labour to translate the songs of Homer, and fall short; actors struggle in vain to give a perfect rendering of Hamlet and Lear; how much more must all our poor efforts fail adequately to render the sweet music of the Gospel.

There is need now, as always, to guard against the danger of

reading the Bible in the light of our systems, instead of reading our systems in the light of the Bible. However old a commonplace this may be it is still the lesson for the day. Men are being everywhere tried and condemned by subordinate standards; perhaps it should not or cannot be otherwise, at least in the present state of the Church; but the subordinate standards must have also their hour of trial, nay, must be considered as always on trial, or else subordinate standards cease to be standards subordinate. Subordinate standards have their value and their use, if properly constructed, but the worst use we can make of them is to hold them as a rod of terror over the head of reverent and careful Biblical criticism, and a standing menace to every scholar who attempts a prayerful, yet free and independent study of the widest and most profound field of thought in the world, that great Oriental Library contained in the sixty-six books of the Bible. So to use any merely human standards by whomsoever formulated, especially when these standards are drawn out with mystical and metaphysical minuteness, and enforced with scrupulous and suspicious rigour, is to despise the words of Him who has taught us to call no man master, is to turn a reasonable and truth-loving religion into a hindrance and a snare, and to make the Church of Christ a shelter for antiquated and arrogant dogmatists, who will neither advance themselves nor let others advance. Into a Church so circumscribed and stereotyped, religious scholars of the highest order will not be disposed to enter, or, having entered, will soon be branded and thrust out.

And in vain are they thrust out, for from without if not from within, especially now that physical suppression is impossible, new ideas and disturbing forces must come, and for the prosperity of the Church, should come, and those who most dread the disturbance are usually those who most need it. Mental stagnation leads to spiritual stagnation, and the unreal, if not hypocritical use, of cant phrases and barren forms. Immovable quiescence or finality in religious thinking has never yet been the Divine order, probably never will be, this side the millennium at any rate. The Italian police, some few years ago, in the days of the Pope's temporal power, refused admission to the famous work of Copernicus, "*De Revolutionibus Cœlestium*," ("Concerning the Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies") on the ground that they had positive instructions to keep out works of a "revolutionary" ten-

dency. That ignorant policemen should confound the revolutions of the planets with revolution in the government of Italy may seem comical and absurd enough, yet this, after all, is scarcely a caricature of that overdone conservatism of which the Church has furnished only too many examples. But revolutionary ideas are as necessary as conservative ones, both together entering, as Burke says, into that "reciprocal play of opposite forces, by which God draws out the harmony of the universe." Not the heavens only, but the earth and the Church are preserved by eternal movement, verifying the familiar lines of our greatest living poet:—

> "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

It would be a bold thing to say that the Church has now got beyond all her crudities and misconceptions. All history teaches that discoveries and conceptions of truth may be possible in one age which were not attainable at a previous time, and there is no good reason to confine this principle to secular science, if, indeed, there really be any science altogether secular, or so secular as to have no modifying effect upon our views of moral and religious truth. God, Himself, has taught us to look for successive dispensations, and a gradual unfolding of His thoughts and ways; and who shall say that the Christian dispensation, as a whole, may not have eras or stages of growth, and development analogous to the successive revelations of the olden time? The more glorious dispensation of the Spirit is surely not deprived of the immanent presence of God, but has rather the special promise of the Comforter to abide with us forever. Because the guidance is secret and silent it is not, therefore, less vital or productive. And here we touch on the borders of that great and precious truth of perpetual inspiration, to which the Roman Church has long borne witness, but which she has so sadly distorted, and which some Protestant sects have equally misused, though in a different way.

It is not the written Word alone that guides the Church, any more than it was the written Word that gave her existence at the first, but rather the written Word along with the indwelling Spirit, and the over-ruling Providence. Nor does the Spirit

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interpret the sacred volume fully and all at once to the Church. How could it be so? The Church at best is but an earthen vessel, but she is a vessel that expands under the power of the truth through the mighty working of the Spirit. She presents the truth to the world, shaped, and tinged, and flavoured by her own earthen mould. She must, herself, be partly fashioned by the literature, the philosophy, the jurisprudence, the general beliefs and customs of the time, though the Spirit within her will react upon these and give them higher and better forms. And it has been all along as it was with the Apostles at the first;—"I have many things to say unto you but ye cannot bear them now." "These things understood not His disciples at the first." Not once only, but often is it true that the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not; not once only but often the loving reproof is applicable, "Have I been so long time with you and yet has thou not known Me, Philip?" Not once only but often, through the long ages, the loving Saviour walks with His disciples, as on the way to Emmaus, making their hearts burn within them as He opens to them the Scriptures. By this perpetual living presence of Christ, and not by her own narrow definitions and forms of broken statement surely, the Church goes forward to regenerate the world. And it is good and hopeful to see her at last so inspired by the Divine life of the Son of God that she begins to deplore and spurn her own troubled ecclesiastical history, full though it be of glorious victories, mingled with error, and cruelty, and shame. Let her not be tempted by vain words to look back for her Ideal to her long, wearisome wanderings in the wilderness, sweet memories though she have of the showers of falling manna, and the waters breaking from the rock. Let her rather prepare to put off the shoes of her pilgrimage, plant vineyards, and rear a spacious temple. And let her hope that prophets will arise, bringing more spiritual intuitions, and a wider range of sympathy with God and man.

Dark and saddening still is the state of the nations, even where the Church is most influential. Eighteen hundred years have passed away, and heathen modes of speech and action still prevail over the greater part of the globe. But heathenism gets more and more abashed in the presence of the Christ, and skepticism itself draws lessons from the ideal religion of the New Testament, with which to rebuke the actual religion of Christendom. The

multiplicity of sects is lamented, but even in this evil there is a soul of goodness. Blind to our own defects we can discover the blemishes of a rival. We burn our neighbour's dross in the fires of sectarian judgment. In this comparison and collision of thought and effort all are driven back upon the one ultimate rule and standard, and made to exclaim, "Not as though we had already attained or were already perfect."

That all existing churches fall below the Divine standard will be readily allowed, but it is not sufficiently discerned that *new points of view and new methods of study* are required to prepare the way for better practical results. And new points of view, and new light upon old truths must to some extent involve a re-adjustment and re-statement of traditional conceptions and theories. There are those who hope for progress in religion without progress in theology, or for progress in theology without revision or modification of the traditions of the elders. They would put the new wine of faith, or spiritual illumination, into the old bottles of thought, and the new wine of thought into the old bottles of expression, forgetting that faith, thought, and speech act and react on each other in many ways, and move along together in a process of perpetual renovation. The Church grows as grows a tree, the new bud pushing off the old leaf, putting forth again new leaves and blossoms for the new season, but always under the falling showers and quickening rays from heaven. If the Church would advance she must study and welcome the conditions of advancement, one of which is emancipation from obsolete forms, and the art of rising,

> "On stepping stones
> Of her dead self, to higher things."

The Holy Scriptures teach that growth in grace is coupled with growth in knowledge, and growth in knowledge implies not merely the addition of something new, but the correction and partial displacement of earlier and cruder notions. "Therefore every scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old."

It is sad to trace in the history of the Church her prevailing policy of repression, her attitude of fear, her zeal without knowledge, her clamorous outcries against new ideas, (ideas, perhaps,

afterwards adopted and utilised as a part of her own heritage), her bitter persecutions, now with dungeon, fagot, and sword, and now with obloquy, anathema, and excommunication. Nearly every step of progress, not excepting even the great Wesleyan Revival, has been won by some form of martyrdom, justifying the words of the noble Quaker poet:—

> "Every age, on him who strays
> From its broad and beaten ways,
> Pours its seven-fold vial."

"It is the excommunicated men," says Pascal, "that save the Church." It is to be hoped that this sarcasm will not in the future retain the point it has in regard to the past. The "liberty of prophesying" begins to find better recognition within the pale of most Protestant Churches, and it will further contribute to this end, if Christian people come to understand, that the Ideal of the Gospel is reached, not merely by retaining certain great essential elements of moral and spiritual truth, but by retaining them in their place of prominence, all minor points being permitted to fall into the background as matters of convenience or expediency. To this utterly subordinate place should long since have been relegated many matters of conjecture, speculation, and ritual, which have perplexed and fettered the Church of Christ. The Scribes and Pharisees corrupted the Jewish religion by laying stress on mint, anise, and cummin, an error that has often been repeated among Christians, and that is still a cause of weakness and reproach. The enemies of the faith are vigorously assailing the citadel; the professed friends are largely engaged in wrangling over some useless or embarrassing outpost. Multitudes are doubting of God; others are portraying Him in colours little adapted to satisfy either the intellect, the conscience, or the heart. The question of the time is, "What think ye of Christ?" The answer of many Christian teachers is that He came to save the world by abstruse metaphysical speculations, ecclesiastical routine, and sacerdotal charms. Meanwhile the world sighs and suffers for the simple declaration of a Gospel consisting chiefly in a new heart and a new life, springing from repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

What to think of Christ they will learn who surrender their hearts to Him in faith, love, and service, studying His words,

following His guidance, and growing up into His likeness. Otherwise there is no way of thinking worthily or wisely of Jesus Christ the Son, or of God the Father. Compared with this, all ecclesiastical forms and fine-spun theological speculations are but vanity and vexation of spirit.

To clear away the accretions of a darker age, to correct our mistaken valuation of trifles, to ignore our unimportant Church differences, to relax a little the binding rigour of our limitary definitions, to bring the light of fresh and *unbiassed* study upon the inspired Word, to reach out the hand of loving, Christ-like sympathy to perishing sinners, to recognize the occasional good thoughts and the common hunger for God even in heathen minds, to press the supernatural facts and cardinal truths of the Gospel upon the conscience and heart, these may indicate, in a rough, general way, the best direction for the Church's present effort, and in this direction she is moving. The pulpit, the lecture-room, the press, and even the discoveries of science, will severally and jointly contribute, and will, in God's great providence, usher in that Ideal Church, to which the Church of to-day will be,—

"As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

THE ANNIVERSARIES OF THE HEART.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE holiest of all holidays are those
  Kept by ourselves in silence and apart—
  The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows—
The happy days unclouded to their close,
  The sudden joys that out of darkness start
  As flames from ashes; swift desires, that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!
  White as the gleam of a receding sail,
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,
  White as the whitest lily on a stream,
  These tender memories are; a fairy tale
Of some enchanted land we know not where,
  But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

THE WHEAT FIELDS OF THE NORTH-WEST.*

BY EDWARD STORRS ATWATER.

In the summer of 1879 a number of agricultural meetings were held in different parts of England to consider the influence of American competition on the prices of wheat—a subject which the farmers and land-owners were then learning to regard as one destined to receive more anxious consideration from them than any other of a political nature. At one of these meetings Lord Beaconsfield, in the course of an address, is reported to have said that supremacy as a grain-growing country would soon be attained by Canada, and that with this expectation thousands of persons from the States were hastening to change their homes to the other side of the boundary line. This statement, brought into general notice on this side of the Atlantic at the time by the eminent position of the speaker, was held plainly to lack trustworthiness; and our press, having simply compared the quantities of wheat raised in the year preceding by the two countries assumed to be rivals, and having proved that the movement of immigration between Canada and the United States was in favour of the latter, deemed further refutation unnecessary. But the editors of our press, in common with other persons, do not at present appreciate that part of the United States which lies west of Lake Superior, and it may be doubted if it is generally known further than as a country the failure of which to sustain the Northern Pacific Railroad project was the harbinger of the unwelcome financial crisis of 1873, and now more lately as the location of several noted wheat farms conducted on a gigantic scale; whilst hardly so much could be told of the larger and more valuable portion of land, distinguished throughout its extent by certain peculiarities of soil and climate, which lies north of the boundary line, and forms the new provinces of Canada. However, this country has the elements to support the most prosperous people on the continent, if it is not destined soon to put the

*We reprint this article from the September Number of *Harper's Magazine*, to show the estimate which our American neighbours form of our magnificent inheritance in the North-west.

established districts of our grain supply into the same position as they have put the farming lands of New England.

The Red River of the North rises near the head-waters of the Mississippi, but flowing in the opposite direction to the larger river, forms the boundary between Minnesota and Dakota, and entering the Canadian province of Manitoba, finally discharges itself into Lake Winnipeg. The prairie drained by this river and its tributaries contains, roughly, 40,000,000 acres, and, speaking from our stand-point, is the beginning of the vast section of fertile land, which, stretching in a widening belt to the Rocky Mountains, is drained by the Saskatchewan rivers, and further north by the Athabasca and the Peace. This Canadian division contains certainly 150,000,000 acres of land, and may probably be found to include 250,000,000 acres, when a thorough survey shall have been made by the Dominion Government. The southern limit of this section of fertile land has a latitude as high as that of Montreal, and what may be called its northern limit lies distant one thousand miles. The climate, however, differs essentially from that found in Eastern British America at a corresponding distance from the Equator. The isothermal lines, as they approach Hudson Bay from the Pacific Ocean, bend decidedly to the south. The mean temperature of the Peace River Valley varies but little from the mean temperature of the valley of the Red River. Throughout the country wheat may be planted in April, or fully as early as spring wheat is sown in the United States. But as the summer is not warm enough to ripen Indian corn, and the winter, while it lasts, permits no thaw to take place, the climate is a cold one, compared with that over the grain States of the Mississippi Valley; and to this fact, doubtless the superior quality of the cereals raised here is due. In 1872, railway construction had extended far enough in the Northwest to afford an entrance to this new territory. But the disasters which speedily overtook the two pioneer lines stopped at once all immigration. Three years ago it was resumed. Since that time, it may be safely asserted, in no part of the United States has it gone forward with so much vigour, and been attended with so much prosperity, as in the Red River Valley. The towns of Fargo and Grand Forks in Dakota, and Winnipeg across the border—the country around them presenting no resources except a prolific soil—exhibit a growth as rapid, and commercial trans-

actions as heavy, as cities which have sprung up in the richest mining districts of the Rocky Mountains. Intense as the character of the immigration has been, it has not yet exercised any disturbing influence on the grain market. The part of the land reclaimed is comparatively trifling. At various points in the valley farms have been laid out, and fields of wheat, some of which are thousands of acres in extent, have been cultivated, but the greater part of the land is still an unbroken prairie, without a trace of settlement. The immigration into the valley of the Red River, and the smaller immigration into the valleys of the Saskatchewan, have been of most importance in proving that this country produces the cereals in a state of perfection which has not manifested itself farther south—a result possibly to have been anticipated from its latitude and soil. In a climate warmer than is needed to bring it to maturity, wheat shows an imperfect development of grain, with a deficiency in weight. It is always more subject to drought, the hot sun acting both to evaporate the moisture from the ground and to burn the plant afterward. The same facts are observable in the growth of other cereals. Even grass shows a marked change in value made by latitude. Many of our stock-raisers in the South-west do not sell their cattle in Texas or New Mexico, but drive them from the coarse and poor vegetation there to feed on the sweeter and more nutritive grasses of Montana, the increased price which the cattle bring in their improved condition paying for a drive of fifteen hundred miles.

The superior quality of the wheat raised in this new country will be best shown by a comparison made in figures. Duluth and Chicago are selected to furnish a comparison, as the former is the general point of shipment of the northern wheat, and the latter is the place of largest receipts in the grain States further south. To examine the use of the figures below, it may be noted that, for the convenience of trade, on arrival at one of the larger places of receipts, grain is inspected by experts who are public officers, and graded according to its soundness and weight. The difference in market value between the grades is considerable. Take for the purpose the crop of 1880. During the last three months of that year there were inspected at Duluth 1,778,764 bushels of wheat. Leaving out of consideration the fraction 86,000 bushels, which were of the soft variety, and, it is assumed,

came to this port from southern counties of Minnesota, the wheat graded as follows, the amounts being expressed by per cent. :—

AT DULUTH.

Grade No. 1, Hard	87	per cent.
Grade No. 2	11	"
Grade No. 3	1	"
Rejected	1	"

During the same months there were inspected at Chicago, 1,571,262 bushels of winter wheat, and 7,988,816 bushels of spring wheat, which graded as below :

AT CHICAGO.

Winter Wheat.			*Spring Wheat.*		
Grade No. 1	1	per cent.	Grade No. 1	1	per cent.
Grade No. 2	53	"	Grade No. 2	66	"
Grade No. 3	34	"	Grade No. 3	23	"
Rejected	12	"	Rejected	10	"

As to the respective market values : at the City of Buffalo, where the northern and southern grain, coming over the lakes from Duluth and Chicago, first meet in a general market, the following were the average prices per bushel during the months mentioned above :—

No. 1, Hard Duluth		1.18			
No. 2,	"	1.15½			
No. 1, Red Winter		1.14	No. 1, Spring		1.13½
No. 2,	"	1.11	No. 2,	"	1.08
No. 3,	"	1.06	No. 3,	"	0 95
Rejected	"	1.00	Rejected	"	0.80

The southern grown wheat may have in the future, it is probable, a still lower relative value. It alone has been used for export to foreign countries, whose mills were not adapted for grinding with the best results the hard Manitoba wheat, even if the production of the latter were large enough to bring its merits into notice. Now, however, that the improved methods of milling employed at Minneapolis are being introduced into England, with an increased supply of hard wheat, there will doubtless come the same preference as exists in this country for a grain having its special properties. These improvements in milling have had a most important bearing on the value of all the varieties of hard wheat. The secret of the higher price which the Duluth wheat commands

over the best grades from other localities is the fact that it makes a flour of greater strength. The northern wheat is flinty, and contains more gluten; the southern is soft, and contains more starch. Until lately, however, the farmer in Northern Minnesota found that his grain, although by an analysis of its parts the most valuable, brought the lowest prices paid in market, because, with the method then used for separating bran from the middlings, it made a dark-coloured flour. A few years ago the defects were remedied by the millers of Minneapolis, and so successfully that their method of treating wheat has been very generally adopted throughout the country. The result has been that the strong flour made of Red River wheat is quoted at a price of two dollars per barrel over other kinds—a difference which the baker is willing to pay, because from a given number of pounds it makes the greatest number of pounds of bread; and the private consumer is willing to pay, because it furnishes the most nutritive food. The hard Northern wheat, instead of being the lowest, has taken its rightful place as the highest priced on the list of grain.

The land is also more prolific. The experience of the wheat-raisers in Manitoba has now been of sufficient length to make understood some of the natural advantages extended to this country for returning large and certain crops. Situated in a high latitude, there is afforded to vegetation a greater number of hours of sun each day during the entire season of growth. The winter cold, continuous and with light falls of snow, freezes the ground to an extraordinary depth. Under the disintegrating power of frost, the lower soil is broken up each season for the sustenance of plants as thoroughly as if done by the best artificial means. This is not the only service performed by the frost; later, throughout the period of growth, it keeps within reach of the roots a moisture which renders drought impossible. But most noteworthy is the soil itself—an alluvial black loam, with an average depth of twenty inches, resting on a subsoil of clay. It is very heavy, when wet having a tar-like consistency, and rich in the elements which are believed to nourish vegetation. Dropped into this soil, with the other favouring circumstances, seed springs up with an extraordinary vigour, and gives a sound and abundant crop. The average yield of wheat per acre in the Red River Valley, north of Fargo, where the soil becomes heavier

and more characteristic, is twenty-three bushels. In Manitoba and the Saskatchewan region the average is greater, and amounts to twenty-eight bushels. These facts become more striking, when compared with results in the district of the wheat supply at present. In Illinois the average of wheat to the acre is seventeen bushels; in Iowa, ten; in Wisconsin, less than ten; in Kansas, ten; while in Texas it is eight and one-half bushels.

Nor does the land seem to deteriorate under a course of cropping, as does the lighter soil of States in the south. In the early part of the century, Lord Selkirk, fascinated by the resources which he beheld in the Lake Winnipeg region, formed the idea of developing them with colonists from his country. Shut off from any market for their grain, and located in a spot at that time practically inaccessible, the Highlanders who came over in accordance with the ill-considered plan of Lord Selkirk were subjected to a great deal of hardship. But many families stayed. The town of Kildonan, near the mouth of the Red River, started by these colonists, has been occupied by them and their descendants ever since. By their farming the powers of the soil have been pretty thoroughly tested. In this settlement there are fields which have been sown to wheat every season for the last thirty-five years without the application of any fertilizers, and which in 1879 yielded an average of over thirty bushels to the acre. A soil which raises one grain in such perfection is, of course, suitable for other purposes. Stimulated by the presence of buyers for the mills making the high-priced flour, who offer immediate payment for all their crop, the farmers have so far devoted all their energy to increasing their acreage of wheat. But the other cereals—oats, rye, and barley—sown to supply local needs, show a like abundant yield, and when brought to outside markets these products of northern soil will be found entitled to the high estimation accorded to the present staple.

Of equal importance with the natural resources here is the means of getting the products to market. In the United States the importance of this question will be fully appreciated, and it becomes a matter deserving attention when directly at our doors a body of land of unusual fertility is being invited to compete in markets which have been opened to us by an efficient system of transportation, and found very profitable. Apart from any question of loss or gain to the trade of the United

States, the subject presents many features to excite an interest. The scheme of the roads for traffic at present is so little complicated as to be readily understood. The projects now under way are to cost vast sums of money. Their completion will present much that is novel in the systems of the continent. On the American side, the Northern Pacific Railway, at the end of 1880, had built west of the Rocky Mountains a section of 150 miles, beginning at a point 260 miles from the terminus on Puget Sound, and extending eastward. During the year they had pushed westward the main road from Duluth to the Yellowstone River in Montana. By the collapse in 1873 the company were left with a very poor credit, and to continue their work they have been obliged to rely mainly on the earnings of the completed part and the proceeds of the sale of the land grant. The progress made since that time toward completing the transcontinental line illustrates the rapid way in which this country has of late been developing. The construction last year was 360 miles of new road. Recently measures to secure money for continuing the work as fast as it may be required have been successfully taken, and it is believed that the line from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean will be finished in 1883. As a terminus, the port of Duluth has hitherto been sufficient during the season of navigation, which lasts, however, only six months. During the remainder of the year grain is left to go eastward by rail transportation around the southern end of Lake Michigan. This lake has been the means of shutting off the North-western States from any direct land communication with the East. North of Chicago there is not at present a single line of railway from the prairies. The States of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and the adjoining portion of Dakota are covered with iron roads, but they are all tributary to the Eastern system at the head of Lake Michigan—a fact which sufficiently accounts for the steady and rapid growth of the city at that point. The presence of Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, and the character of the country north and south of the latter, which is hilly, and abounds in immense ledges of rock, render direct rail connection of the Red River territory with the East a difficult and expensive matter. But the development of resources which are so valuable and complete will doubtless in time create an extensive system of rail communication, which shall form the shortest possible routes to the sea-board, and be

free of the charges at an intermediate point of distribution. The construction of two lines, one along the south shore of Lake Superior and the other on the north shore, has been definitely decided upon and work on the first line has been begun. The Northern Pacific Railway is now engaged in building a road from Duluth eastward to the charter terminus at Montreal River. From this point a road, part of which is finished, is to be extended to Sault Ste. Marie. Here a combination of Canadian railways is to give communication with Montreal and New York. The distance from the Red River to New York by this route, when completed, will be at least two hundred miles shorter than by the expensive one through Chicago. Another railway, the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba, located at right angles to the line of the Northern Pacific, extends from St. Paul, on both sides of the Red River to the international boundary, where it is met by a branch of the Canadian Pacific. This road carrries a large part of the wheat raised in the Red River Valley to the mills at Minneapolis, and until the present time has furnished the only adequate means of entrance to the Province of Manitoba. By the construction of 130 miles in 1880 this company now owns nearly one thousand miles of road, and its extensions westward bid fair to make it equally active with the Northern Pacific in developing this country.

On the Canadian side, Hudson Bay may eventually become of the first importance as an outlet for foreign shipments of grain. The bay is free of ice, and its south-western harbors are open fully three months—a short season of navigation, but sufficient for a sailing vessel to clear with two cargoes for Liverpool, which ships carrying grain from California around Cape Horn cannot accomplish, taking the entire year. But it may be doubted whether the hope of utilizing this short road to Europe will be realized for a considerable time. At York Factory, the Nelson, a river flowing from the lakes of Manitoba, empties into the bay. Surveys have lately been made to locate a line for a railway down this river from the City of Winnipeg. The want of material to provide this road with local traffic, and the brief period during which the Atlantic port, its proposed terminus, is accessible, would probably deter private enterprise from undertaking its construction until the surplus of grain in Manitoba had become much larger than it is at present, and a sufficient

number of vessels for the Hudson Bay trade could be assured to move accumulated freight at York Factory. The river Nelson itself is not now navigable. Improvements in its channel would give a depth of water sufficient for vessels of large draught to pass through to the lakes above, and other natural obstacles are not so great as to render its future navigation improbable. But until the completion of other schemes for promoting trade in their new territory, which are now being carried out at great expense, it is hardly to be thought that the Canadian Government will attempt improvements in the Nelson, or the construction of the Hudson Bay railroad, more especially as the success of these would tend to weaken certain direct benefits to the old provinces which the present plans of internal improvement are expected to bring.

The old route for inland navigation through the great lakes is now being subjected to changes which promise to establish it as a way for ocean vessels to reach inland ports with certainty, and to change materially its status as a means of communication between the interior and the Atlantic sea-board. When the plan of enlargement has been fully carried out, the Welland Canal will admit steamers of two thousand tons, and drawing thirteen and one-half feet of water. Work on the first enlargement has now advanced so far that it is expected the canal will be opened to navigation this season. Upon the completion of improvements corresponding to this in the St. Lawrence, vessels drawing eleven and one-half feet of water will be able to load at Chicago, and sail through this river to Montreal, or directly across the Atlantic. The outlay of $30,000,000 on the Welland Canal, however, has not had as its object chiefly the American trade of Lake Michigan, but it has been in accordance with the comprehensive policy of the Canadian Government for the development of their North-western territory, and for keeping within national lines the right to handle its valuable products. The money expended by the Dominion on internal improvements is nearly ready to yield its return. On the north shore of Lake Superior, one hundred miles north-east of Duluth, the pioneer railway, now almost finished, to connect the Canadian prairies with the water route to the Atlantic, terminates at the lake. Its starting-point is the city of Winnipeg, on Red River The Canadian Pacific road, of which this is the Lake Superior

section, is to form a transcontinental line in British America, and may in time become the most important of the railroads to the Pacific. Its construction was a measure taken by the government, by whom the existing parts have been built. At a session of Parliament the present year, however it was decided to intrust the construction to a private company, who are obliged to preserve the full route adopted by the government. Great as will be the facilities offered at the eastern end of this road for transporting grain to the sea-board by way of Lake Superior, the Dominion Government has taken care to secure the construction of one overland route from the new provinces. The road from Winnipeg to the lake terminus at Fort William is to be extended on the north shore to the town of Callander, near Montreal, and to a union with the railway system of the old provinces. The extension was to be begun the present summer. From Winnipeg westward the road is to traverse the full length of the Saskatchewan prairie, and cross the Rocky Mountains to an ocean port near the United States' border. The section through the prairie to the foot of the Rocky Mountains it is expected to have ready for traffic within three years. This briefly is the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. When completed, the distance from the Pacific Ocean overland to Montreal will be 2,960 miles, or about 500 miles less than the distance by the Union Pacific road to New York.

The larger yield to the acre, the better quality, and higher grade of crop shown in this northern country, are matters lifted by the vast extent of the land above a question of individual profit to the persons now cultivating the soil. If one-half of the ground of that comparatively small portion which is drained by the Red River and its affluents were sown to wheat, the product at an average yield would be 500,000,000 bushels, or more than the entire amount raised in the United States in 1880. The attention of the United States within a few years will certainly be drawn sharply to the supply of grain coming from this new quarter, if the reclamation of land goes on with its present movement. With the advent of a system of inland navigation greatly improved, and made the most perfect in the world, indeed, there is every reason to believe that the development of the interior will continue at its present rate, and even go forward with a rapidity never witnessed before. An immense amount of money is ready

for employment. By the Canadian government and railway companies the news of these unsettled fields will be spread among the populous countries of Europe. A populous country lies directly adjoining. The land itself, level and rolling prairie, will allow railways to be built with the utmost rapidity and cheapness, and furnish no obstacle to cultivation. Scattered plentifully throughout Dakota and the valleys of the Saskatchewan are beds of the soft coal which has supplied the fuel of our Western States. That necessity, iron, is not lacking. The extensive region north of Lake Superior is known to be rich in this ore. In 1880, from the mines on the south, at present the more accessible shore of this lake, were taken 1,900,000 tons of easily-worked ore, which had a value of $13,000,000.

Within ten years it is certainly possible that there will be ready for shipment at the edge of Lake Superior an amount of wheat which shall equal the total quantity now received yearly at all the Atlantic ports, at a price of seventy cents per bushel. Low as this price would be, compared with prices heretofore, prevailing at the lakes, southern-grown wheat of the average quality would be worth ten cents a bushel less. Wheat can be raised in the Red River Valley and delivered to the railroad at a cost of less than forty cents to the bushel. Fifteen cents more, the rate of transportation to the lake from Fargo, which will probably be the rate also from Winnipeg over the Canadian Pacific, deducted from the price above, leaves remaining a high profit to the grower. This is in the Red River Valley, and with a yield of twenty-three bushels to the acre. With a yield of twenty-eight bushels the increase would pay cost of transportation from far within the territory of the Saskatchewan.

What will be the effect on agriculture in the United States of this tremendous addition to the wheat land, and on present routes of traffic of a division in a valuable trade, it is impossible to foretell, and without the scope of this article to consider. That it will exercise some influence on our agriculture can not be doubted. Wheat could not now be raised in the Mississippi Valley at the price supposed above. The land of the United States has no longer the richness of unbroken ground; at least, very generally throughout its extent the best parts have been tilled. There a wide margin for profit left in higher and more laborious cultivation of the soil. This, however, is not the

method to which we have been trained. Hitherto, our crops have been increased by cultivating new land. A course of giving more attention to the plants, notably Indian corn, for whose cultivation we have special advantages, it may be found expedient to follow. On the other hand, a decided fall in the price of the other cereals would probably affect maize also.

However uncertain may be effects on the United States, we may expect that the centre of activity in wheat, never very stable, will soon pass to the Red River Valley; to go later, possibly, still further northward. Most valued by the farmers in Minnesota for seed is the grain coming from the Red River Valley, and especially that from Manitoba. Taken southward, if not renewed frequently from the original source, it tends to degenerate, and become soft. Harder and better still is the wheat coming from the region of the Upper Saskatchewan and the Peace River. This perfect grain has the greatest weight of all, and by cultivation even in the Red River Valley shows a loss of its original quality.

MY HEART'S VOICE.

To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
When life was bright and hope was strong,
When grief was short and joy was long,
To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
And lo! it was a song,
A merry song.

To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
When gathering clouds o'ercast the sky,
When joy was far and grief was nigh,
To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
And lo! it was a sigh,
A heavy sigh.

To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
When earthly pain knew heavenly balm,
When trouble deep knew deeper calm,
To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
And lo! it was a psalm,
A holy psalm. —*Th. Monod.*

THE MAINTENANCE OF HOME MISSIONS AMONG THE MOST DEGRADED POPULATIONS.*

BY MR. JOHN MACDONALD.

WHAT can be done to better the masses of human beings who crowd together in all great centres of population, ignorant, indolent, vicious, and degraded? Is their condition hopeless? Must they necessarily continue to inhabit their loathsome dwellings, secure their living by lying and dishonesty, be familiar only with profanity and impurity, corrupt and corrupting one another? How sad, for example, the sight which one witnesses at every turn in this great city. Among a Pagan people we look for ignorance and vice; but here, where God's temples rise in every street; where His Word is not only sold at less than the cost of production, but freely given away where there is not the ability to purchase it—in this city, where there are so many who love and serve God, what sight so sad as to see in such a city thousands of men and women from whom every vestige of all that is good and holy and pure has been effaced, and who, in this city of Gospel-light, seem to have abandoned all feelings of hope for this world and the next; to see multitudes of young lads already old in crime, and who, unless relief comes to them, and come soon, will assuredly swell the ranks of the criminal class. Sadder still to see thousands of young girls, between the ages of ten and fourteen, drifting away to a doom which appears inevitable; to see flocks of helpless children growing up to form another generation of the degraded—such of them, at least, as will survive the hunger and wretchedness, the neglect and cruelty, to which they are subjected.

Sights such as these, without looking into the gin-palaces—those sinks of all that is degrading—the dark lanes, loathsome alleys, crowded lodging-houses, where thieves and pickpockets and the vilest men and women congregate, are enough to cause the deepest pain of heart, enough to beget the most profound thankfulness to God that our own lot is so different, and enough to lead us searchingly to ask ourselves, What have we done, what do we intend to do, to make this wretchedness and this sorrow

* A paper read at the Œcumenical Conference, held in City Road Chapel, London, England, September 16, 1881.

less? Can these older and more hardened men and women be saved; these young lads, can they be rescued; these young girls, can they be snatched from a life of shame too sad to contemplate these helpless children, can they be reached before sin, with its defilement, has done its work; can the bodies be saved as well as the souls? A simple glance at the report of the London City Mission will, perhaps, furnish the best answer we can give to these questions.

From it we learn that during the past year the 450 missionaries connected with the London City Mission have been the means of sending 3,563 children to school; of receiving 2,188 communicants; of reclaiming 2,508 drunkards; of rescuing 500 fallen women; of inducing 5,746 to attend public worship; have made 314,380 visits; have distributed 17,569 Bibles and portions of Scripture, and 4,004,612 tracts. All this means so much which cannot be written in any report; words of regret, promises of reformation, tears of sorrow for wrong-doing, triumphs over sin, and death, and the grave; and yet when the great mass of sin and wretchedness is considered, what are 450 missionaries, and what these trophies compared with the numbers from which they have been rescued!

Wonderful is the task which has been accomplished by the Five-point Mission of New York. It is said that 1,000 girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen can be found in the Water street drinking saloons of New York; and, a writer adds, to this same character and doom 40,000 destitute and vagrant children are drifting. To rescue them that mission was founded. Little girls picked up in the streets, found in the gutter, taken from dens of infamy, many of whom never knew father or mother have found the mission a home and a resting-place. And as far back as 1869, as many as 20,000 had been rescued from the slums of that city, and had found in society places which they had filled with respectability and usefulness, many of them becoming workers among, and wondrous benefactors of, the class from which they themselves were rescued.

The achievements of the shoe-black societies, as well as those of many kindred associations, have put to rest the question of hopelessness. None are too low to be raised, none too abandoned to be hopeless; while the individual instances in which those who were once neglected street Arabs, vagabonds, and pickpockets,

became men holding prominent and responsible positions, demonstrate that positions of trust and responsibility are open to those who are found in the ranks of the degraded, and that if determined to lead new lives, the past, however dark, does not bar their future advancement. Suppose, for example, that during the twenty-four years in which the street Arabs have been organized as shoe-black societies they had been neglected, what might have been? It is safe to state that in one way and another they would have stolen 250,000 dollars; and their imprisonment would have cost the country 500,000 dollars more; that by being imprisoned with veteran criminals they would have become perfected in crime and placed amid the class to benefit which is most difficult. What has been the result? In the prosecution of their daily labour during that time they have earned 1,000,000 dollars, and by the habits of thrift which they have acquired, and by the excellent and wholesome discipline under which they have been brought, the foundation has been laid for a life of respectability and usefulness, and the instances are not few where such results have happily followed.

Many instances of individual reformation and advancement are recorded in reports, while names are wisely withheld. "Not long since," says a gentleman long connected with the shoe-black societies, "a handsome man, fashionably dressed, called upon me and said, 'I called to see you, sir. I was a shoe-black, now I am the agent of the ——— Company in New York. I carry for them as much as 1,000,000 dollars; my salary is £500 a year.'" We read of four young men who, with their wives, were dining together in New York. One of the young men was the cashier of a leading New York bank, one a book-keeper in a large insurance company, a third confidential clerk in a leading mercantile house, the fourth a rising lawyer—all had been rescued from the lowest slums of New York.

While all this is gratifying, the fact remains that the dense mass of ignorance and vice never seems to lessen. A few have been rescued from the outworks, but they have been from the outworks only; the citadel appears as impregnable as ever. Now and again one and another is rescued from the terrible vortex, and then the great wave rolls on, deeper, darker, and more angry than before. One would have thought

that after what had been accomplished in connection with the Five-point Mission in New York, that the whole locality had been redeemed from its vileness and pollution, and its population elevated to the position of deserving and respected citizens.

We read in the New York *Daily Graphic* of August 8th of the present year:—"Any one who wishes to see humanity in the most abject condition of midsummer wretchedness should visit the New York streets contiguous to the old Five Points on a hot night such as we are now having. To remain in the wretched, dirty, stifling tenements is impossible, and the entire population precipitates itself on the scarcely less dirty and almost equally uncomfortable pavement. Men, women, and children, in all stages of undress except such as would call for police interference, and in an indescribable stage of grimness, spread themselves out on the side-walk, and a pedestrian has to pick his steps through them the best way he can;" and, after describing the lager beer saloons, into which they find their way, the writer adds:—"Finally they separate to their miserable abodes, or rather to the side-walks in front of them, and sleep the sleep of the weary and the worn out, until the scorching morning sun arouses them to another day of languid toil."

How is this great wave of wretchedness and misery to be checked, and changed into all that is pure, and healthful, and life-giving? God's Word must be in future, as it has been in the past, the great instrument in arresting the attention, awakening the conscience, and exciting the understanding to the need of salvation. It must be put into the hands or brought to the homes of those who need it by agents of unmistakable piety, tact, and shrewdness, by those who not only are bringers of the Word, but lovers of the Word, not only readers of the Word, but those who have its truths treasured in their memories and in their hearts. It is but a waste of time to employ any one in this work who does not love it for its own sake, who has not experienced a change of heart, who has not a love for the souls of men. Herein lies the whole groundwork of the system:—

> "The love of Christ doth me constrain
> To seek the wandering souls of men;
> With cries, entreaties, tears to save,
> To snatch them from the gaping grave."

To-day, as in the days of Christ, "the harvest truly is plenteous, the labourers are few." Taking, by way of illustration, this great city, containing probably over 4,000,000, and adding to its population some 90,000 souls a year, it has, in connection with the London City Mission, 450 missionaries. But when the masses among whom they labour are considered, may it not be appropriately asked, what are they among so many? Upon this point the Lord Mayor, while presiding recently at Egyptian Hall, asked, "What are 450 missionaries for the great metropolis?" and at the same meeting Lord Shaftesbury stated that 1,000 would not be one too many. If we rightly estimate the results sure to follow the faithful efforts of every devoted worker in this field, then we may safely conclude that in this wide world there is not one more full of promise. Amid the better classes of society how rarely do we hear of men and women evincing anxiety about their souls. Among the neglected portion of the population how different. Cast out, as it were, from their birth, cut off from society, regarded as loathsome and vile, their dwellings shunned as pest-houses, accustomed to look upon God when they think upon Him at all, as One whose ways are unequal, when they see their hovels visited by some earnest, loving Christian, when with their keen perception they discover not that patronizing spirit which they abhor, not that spirit of curiosity which they resent, but a gentleness and a love which astonishes and then arrests them, when they realise that cut off as they had supposed themselves to be, not from man and the world only, but from God and heaven, when they hear words of tenderness which they cannot mistake, see a sympathy manifested for them to which they had hitherto been strangers, and realise that the visitor is but bearing to them the message of Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost," when they begin to realise not only that man loves them, but that God loves them—better still that Christ died for them—what a new world dawns upon them,—how with new eyes and new ears they resolve to seek new hearts, to give themselves body and soul to Christ! And then what new joys are awakened, not only in those who have been thus rescued from their defilement, not only in those who have been instrumental in leading them to Christ, but in the presence of the angels over every such sinner who repenteth.

Jock Hall, the ne'er-do-weel, whose story is so touchingly told

by Dr. Norman McLeod, is but a type of many a tramp who has been arrested by words of tenderness from some kindred spirit to Andrew Mercer, and found the story of the Prodigal read to them by some sympathetic John Spence, the means by which they were led to Christ. Many a one as degraded as the pitman, when the amazing condescension of Christ became something to him which he could comprehend, has said in his simple but expressive words—

> "It was not that I might spend my life just as my life's been spent
> That He brought me so near to His mighty cross, and taught me what it meant;
> He doesn't need me to die for Him—He only asks me to live;
> There's nothing of mine that He wants but my heart, and it's all that I have to give."

How wonderful are the facilities possessed by the worker of to-day in carrying on his work compared with those of the worker of fifty years ago. What thoughtful and earnest workers have suggested earnest and loving Christians have supplied. What a wealth of consecrated labour is put forth to-day in discovering new methods of benefitting those who do so little to benefit themselves. How brain, and hands, and hearts, and willing feet are working to help the helpless. How painter and poet, gentle women and Sunday-school children, how large-hearted, whole-souled men and women in vast numbers throughout Christendom, think, and speak, and work, and pray for the elevation and salvation of their poor outcast brethren. How the illustrated literature of the present day, not only such works as the *British Workman, Cottager and Artisan, Band of Hope,* and kindred publications, but how the very leaflets, are not only works of art, but treasuries of golden thoughts. How even the loom, the forest, and the mine, in their many useful, attractive, and inexpensive products, become helps to pave the way to dwellings hitherto difficult of access. How the gold and the silver, the fruits of the earth, the flowers of the field and the flowers of the garden, become aids to the agent, enabling him by new avenues to find his way to homes and to the hearts of those who dwell in them, filling with light and cheerfulness habitations hitherto dark and forbidding; doing this in that nice way known only to those taught by God's Spirit, doing this so that self-reliance

is awakened and developed, not destroyed; in such a way that cleanliness is seen taking the place of loathsomeness, gentleness that of harshness, reverence that of profanity; to see those who had been strangers to God and heaven become readers of His Word, attendants upon His house, clothed and in their right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

Forty years ago an English statesman (Sir George Grey), during the period of the Chartist riots, said that to the operations of the London City Mission was due "the peace, the comfort, and the safety of this metropolis." If that could be said then, what might be said to-day? If the little leaven of those days had produced results which warranted such an expression from such a speaker, what might be said if the leaven of the kingdom were to-day working upon the entire degraded population of this metropolis, working among them until the whole was leavened? Is this too much to look for, to pray for, to labour for? When will it be, how soon will it be, accomplished? Never was there a period in the world's history when it teemed with wealth, as it does to-day; never a period when so much of this wealth was possessed by God's people; when there was so great a readiness on the part of Christians to employ their wealth in God's service; when there were so many willing to labour for their fellow-men. Why, then, is not the work accomplished? When will we witness on the part of the degraded a mighty turning towards God, not by tens or hundreds merely, but by thousands, so that whole districts may resound with the praises of the living God where now are heard only sounds of blasphemy? Not until the Church as a whole is thoroughly alive, not until the sectional differences which divide and estrange Christians are broken down, not until the class sought to be benefitted fully realizes that Christians are terribly in earnest in reference to their welfare, and that they mean work and not talk; that their reliance is in God's power, and not in man's arm. If there is one field in this world where more than any other such efforts are needed, that field is the one found in this great city. Here is the deepest degradation, here ample ability to meet it in means and workers.

Let but the spirit which influenced the movement recently put forth in this city which led the ministers of the various denominations to observe Sunday, the 10th of July, as an open air mission day be the spirit which animates the entire Church in

carrying on this great work, showing to those whom they seek to benefit that, as separate Churches, whatever differences exist among them which keep them apart, that in the great work of seeking the best interests of the poor outcast and degraded children of men, they are all one. Let the Church unite in sending into this field without loss of time a greatly increased staff of workers; Christian men await but the application to supply you with the means. Better still, let every Christian man and woman in this great city become a worker, not offering words merely, not simply reminding the degraded of their condition, not merely offering Christ to them as their Saviour when the only feelings of which they are conscious are the gnawings of hunger, and the only shelter which awaits them for the night, the canopy of heaven. Let such workers cheerfully minister to them of their substance, giving if it be but a tithe of what they daily spend upon superfluities, realizing that the poor perishing body needs help as well as the soul. Let every Christian woman of this metropolis take their poor fallen sisters by the hand, many of whom are more sinned against than sinning, many of whom abhor the life, the sad life into which they have drifted, not passing them by as though God had forsaken them, but remembering the words of Him who said to an erring one, "Neither do I condemn thee; go in peace and sin no more;" then, indeed, will results follow such as never have been witnessed in this great metropolis; and the glad tidings will be wafted to every quarter, and men and women everywhere will be led to labour as they have never done before for those that are outcast and degraded.

"In the long run all love is paid by love,
Though undervalued by the hearts of earth;
The great eternal government above
Keeps strict account, and will redeem its work.
Give thy love freely, do not count the cost,
So beautiful a thing was never lost
In the long run."

ONE by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

"THE POPE, THE KINGS, AND THE PEOPLE."*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE.

II.

WE have followed Mr. Arthur's history of this stupendous movement from the issue of the Syllabus to the opening of the Great Council. It is the aim of this paper to pursue the theme from this point until the close of the Council and the proclamation of the Dogma of Infallibility.

"At dawn, on Wednesday, December 8th, 1869, the guns of Fort St. Angelo, saluted the long-looked for day, while from the other side of the Tiber those of the Aventine replied. The bellowing of these beasts of war awoke the city to witness a Council of the ministers of peace. As the sounds reached the ear of peasant, monk, and nun, already plodding in the dark from places outside the walls, the sky was low, and pouring down a truly Roman rain." The latter fact interfered with the success of the opening ceremonies, so far as the outward appearance was concerned. The preparations for the opening were complete. "The grand Piazza of St Peter's would have been at its grandest that day had the sky been true to the Papacy. Nothing but the heavens failed. From every opening into the Piazza flowed the eager crowds. They passed the two hundred and sixty-eight columns, natives sheltering under their umbrellas, strangers compelled by admiration to look up. * * At the same time, the coaches of the great swept to the right into the Vatican. About three hundred of these were splendidly horsed, gilt round the top, gilt at all available points, hung high on springs, with four or five servants, in yellow and blue, red and green, embroidered, powdered, and in cocked hats. The few pensive monuments of retrospective royalty that still clave to the skirt of the Pontiff, formed the first line of this array. Then came the thrice-splendid princes of the Church."

The ceremonies preceding the commencement of the business

* "The Pope, the Kings, and the People. A History of the Movement to make the Pope Governor of the World, by a Universal Reconstruction of Society, from the Issue of the Syllabus to the Close of the Vatican Council." By William Arthur.

of the Council was lengthy and gorgeous. They were also painfully significant of the advance of those views and doctrines, which have driven pure gospel teachings out of the Roman Catholic Church. At last the doors of the Council Chamber—the south transept of St. Peter's—were thrown open, and those who had been excluded from the earlier ceremonies were permitted to enter. A report had been circulated that the Dogma of Papal Infallibility would be proposed by Archbishop Manning, and carried by acclamation. No attempt, however, seems to have been made to transform this rumour into history. There is reason to suspect, notwithstanding denials to the contrary, that rumours of an acclamation were circulated with a purpose.

It is a singular and somewhat painful fact that the one man whose zeal on behalf of the Vatican won him peculiar attention was Dr. Manning. Mr. Arthur quotes the following sentences from Vetelleschi (not the Cardinal, but his brother), on this very point:—"No one is so devoted as a convert. Having himself erred for half his lifetime did not restrain him from becoming the most ardent champion of infallibility. This circumstance raised a presumption of a deficiency, on his part, in that traditional ecclesiastical spirit which is never fully acquired but by being early grounded, and by long-continued usage,—a presumption which was justified by his excessive and intemperate restlessness. This seemed, of course, sufficient to lessen his authority with the conservative portion of the ecclesiastical world, which judges with more calmness and serenity."

Following the gorgeous, but to Protestant thought, mournful pageant of Wednesday, a pageant utterly unsuggestive, except by contrast, of the humility and modesty of Councils in Apostolic times, it was deemed needful to interject a day of rest, before resuming the labours of the great assembly. Not until Friday, therefore, did the Council re-assemble. "The occupation of the day," says our author, "for nearly eight hundred bishops was to elect two committees, of five each: one to examine applications for leave of absence; and the other to settle contests as to precedence, and similar matters, which contests at Trent often proved to be serious, indeed: ere now the streets of Rome have witnessed bloodshed arising out of disputes of this kind between bishops." This election, however, revealed one thing: those whose sympathies were known to be opposed to the proclamation

of the new dogma, among whom were eminent Catholics, need hope for no office, however small. By this means, and by the appointment of the Committee of Proposals without an election, bishops of an inferior dignity, but of unquestioned orthodoxy (using the word in the Vatican sense) were chosen for the highest places of trust. "Prelates with titles from Antioch, Jerusalem, Thessalonica, and Sardis; one from Chili, and one from Baltimore, one from Spain, one from Westminster, two Italians, and a few others, were empowered to say whether the men who ruled the sees of Paris, Lyons, Munich, Cologne, and Milan, and those of Hungary and Portugal, were or were not to be recommended to the Pope to bring forward any proposal."

This second day was not without its sensation. A Bull was issued to provide for contingencies arising out of the death of the Pope, should this event unhappily occur before the work of the Council was done. In that case the Council must die with the Pope. It must not presume to elect a new Pontiff. This must be done by the Cardinals alone, and the new Pope might then, at his pleasure, summon the Council to re-assemble. The importance of this edict, especially as it projected its authority into the future, cannot be easily over-rated. It completely overturned the old-time belief that bishops, as successors of the Apostles, should elect their own chief. It made the Council an appendage to the Pope and inferior to the College of Cardinals, who were, after all, his "creatures."

Mr. Arthur tells us that the experience of this day taught two lessons: first, that the hall in which the Council was met was unfit for the purposes of a deliberative assembly; and, secondly, that not only was "a hard official line" to be drawn between Fallibilists and Infallibilists, but that no distinction was to be recognized between those who were opposed to the new dogma as a principle, and those who simply regarded its proclamation as inopportune at the present time. Theologians were taught a third lesson. Friedrich and Kagarar, eminent men both, were told that the duty of the theologians was "nothing." They were only to give information and advice to their respective bishops, as these might be asked for. In fact, they were disfranchised.

As new facts transpired, members of the Council came to feel that they had been brought to Rome, not for the purposes of deliberation, but to assent to plans already matured. A prelate

said to Ambrose, who was permitted to return to Wurzburg, "I should rejoice if any one re-called me or sent me home. We bishops have been ordered here to the Council without being told what we were to deliberate upon, and now that I know it, I could gladly turn my back upon the Council and Rome." A word with regard to the Father Ambrose, to whom this remark was made. He was a Carmelite, who had been brought up from Germany by his general, a Spaniard. Upon learning that the work of the Council was to affirm the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, Father Ambrose declared himself a Fallibilist and produced a work which he had written on the subject. This fact led to the permission to return home. How convenient the method of avoiding an unpleasant discussion.

The "faithful" both then and since have anxiously striven to create the impression that the opposition to this dogma, even at the opening of the Council, was quite insignificant. The following extract from one Sambin, a Jesuit, writing after the Council, tells another tale:—"Behold two camps face to face! On one side, Rome and her Sovereign Pontiff, surrounded by a vast majority of the bishops, displaying the banner of the Church as set up by her divine Redeemer. On the other side, an uncertain number of men belonging to all ranks of the hierarchy, seduced by illusory appearances or frightened by the danger of attacking modern ideas in front,—men who fancy that the Church ought to parley with the notions of the age." But, in spite of all efforts to create a contrary belief, one cannot escape the conviction that among this "uncertain number" were to be found men of true piety, profound learning, and sincere devotion to what they conceived to be the true principles of Catholicism. How unfortunate for the Church of Rome that the counsels of such men have ever been systematically disregarded!

The second General Congregation occurred on December 14th. It is reported that Darboy and Strossmayer, or according to Friedrich, Dupanloup, and Strossmayer, attempted to speak on the obnoxious Rules of Procedure, which were so constructed and employed that free speech and deliberative action, as we think of these things, became out of the question. They were stopped, however, by Cardinal DeLuca, "on the ground that what the Holy Father had decreed could not be discussed"—a practical insistence upon the dogma which they fancied was yet to be accepted

or rejected. The great work of this day was the election of the Permanent Committee on Dogma—a list previously prepared made the election a practical farce, and secured the exclusion from the committees of every Fallibilist. As this sitting closed the fathers were presented with another Bull, which under the title of a Bull to Limit the Censures of the Church, advanced some startling judgments. For example one of its sections pronounced excommunication upon the sin of appealing from any act of the Pope to a future General Council. As Mr. Arthur well points out, "This was the mortal blow to the doctrine that a Council could judge, and even depose the Pope, as Councils had done. . . . The defiant crowings of the Gallican Cock were for ever hushed by this one grip in the claws of the Vatican Eagle." And this enactment, following upon previous action of the Papal See, since the beginning of the Council, effectually tended to demoralize the opposition to the Vatican party. Accept this Bull without a murmur and the Dogma of Infallibility is its natural sequence. And how were malcontents to show their dislike to the doctrine which the Bull teaches? They were not permitted by the Rules of Procedure to put a notice of motion on the books. Should they send their suggestion to the Twenty-six to whom all suggestions must be sent? To what profit? The Twenty-six were committed to this very policy. Well, but this is a Council, may they not rise in their places and speak? At once a former ruling would obtain,—what the Holy Father has decreed must not be discussed. How skilfully and adroitly the plan was maturing by which the grand purpose of the Council should be secured!

When the first scheme or draft of decrees on dogma appeared, it was nothing less than a book of one hundred and forty pages, containing eighteen chapters and fifty-four paragraphs. The bishops, however, had not long to sudy it. It came into their hands late in December, and they were expected to vote upon it, as an irreformable creed on the 6th of January! And yet this creed is, according to Rome, to be the creed by which the world's salvation is to be secured!

After vexatious delays, the debate began on the 28th of December. Fears of an attempted acclamation had been entertained. Against this, however, the opposition, weakened and oppressed as it was, was resolved to protest. "Lord Acton's

picture of the scene before the sitting is more distinct than that of the other writers. It is Darboy whom he describes as demanding an assurance that there would be no acclamation." The debate was opened by Cardinal Rauscher, who opposed the Draft Decrees. Archbishop Kendrick, of St. Louis, also made light of the theological performance of Rome. Tizzani, Chaplain-General of the Papal army, pronounced the Draft, "words, words, and nothing but words." Connelly, of Halifax, closed the first day's discussion. The minority felt hopeful over the first day. Nor had they cause to feel ashamed of the debating power exhibited by the opposition throughout the debate. Each person desiring to speak recorded his name the day before. They spoke in order according to rank, Cardinals first, then Archbishops, then Bishops. Strossmayer was the first bishop to rise. He created a genuine sensation by a plea for freedom. He came into direct opposition to the Vatican policy. Thought must be fought with thought, institutions must be tried by their fruits. Oh! that his words had been heeded.

The discussion, however, was largely rendered valueless by the impossibility of properly hearing the speakers. Early in the debate Darboy left the hall, complaining that it was undignified to pretend to hear what one could not understand. A petition, signed by forty-three bishops, aiming at the removal of this evil, by the division of the members into groups, etc., was treated with the contempt of silence, as also a second petition, asking "that some members of the Commission on Proposals be elected by the Committee, and that the authors of proposals should have access to the committees." So that it is not difficult to determine the worth of the pretended freedom of discussion.

It is impossible to follow our author's account of the debate upon the Draft Decrees, at any length. The debate extended, one must conclude, far beyond the period which was at first anticipated. It was interrupted by the swearing a creed never before known in a General Council, which practically involved feudal obedience. A new mortal sin was created on the 14th. "Any man of that assembly who should hereafter tell out of it, what passed within it was to be guilty of mortal sin." Darboy made his first speech on the 19th. It was exceedingly irritating to the Curia, but they were compelled to hear it from the Archbishop whose diocese included two millions of nominal Catholics

within its bounds. The protest of Dollinger against this proposed new dogma did something to animate the spirits of the opposition. France's exhibition of signs of uneasiness did nothing to calm the disturbed state of feeling, and resulted in a passage-of-arms between Beust and Antonelli. The mind of Friedrich was much disturbed. His stay in Rome had awakened him to a startling acquaintance with facts of which he had never dreamed before, and led to the registration of this solemn vow: "Henceforth my life has its task marked out for two ends. Henceforth it is devoted to the struggle against the Curia (not primary), and to that against the Jesuits. If I fall in it, I shall believe that the Lord has so willed, and that there can be, and that there is, a martyrdom for Christ, and for His Church, among the faithful."

But meanwhile the fatal hour was approaching. Says our author: "The meetings of the General Congregations had been suspended to give the fathers time for study. On the evening of March the 7th, a short notice was sent round to their houses, saying that an additional chapter, to be called the eleventh, would be inserted in the Draft of Decrees on the Church. This new chapter was simply that declaration of Papal Infallibility which had been asked for by the famous Address. So the die was cast. All uncertainty as to the designs of the Curia was at an end. Not only was the dogma to be defined, but all who should deny it were to be excluded from the unity of the Church."

Mr. Arthur's volumes have suffered by our necessarily rapid survey of their contents up to the present point of the narrative. It is imposible to condense, into a few remaining paragraphs, the substance of one of the most admirable accounts ever written, of one of the most remarkable ecclesiastical occurrences ever recorded. The briefest words must suffice.

It was felt to be of the gravest moment that the question should be brought to a speedy close. Ten days only were allowed in which the bishops might send in their written comments upon the fundamental change now impending. New feelers were put out for an acclamation. The day of St. Joseph was approaching, why not affirm the dogma then? The position of the minority was painful in the extreme. Successful opposition was impossible even honest protest was dangerous. The attitude of the opposition appears, however, to have had its effect, if one may credit a statement made by Friedrich, in which, upon what is esteemed

good authority, the Pope is quoted as saying, "The Jesuits have set me on this road, and now I shall go on in it, and they must bear the responsibility." Efforts after an acclamation failed a second time. "St. Joseph did not avail more for his day than the Immaculate did for hers." When the Council met on the 18th, the minority handed in their protest against the new Rules, by which the possibilities of frank debate had been still more completely curtailed. Their protest received no attention, and the work of the Council proceeded.

The sitting of March 22nd is reported as having been exceedingly noisy. This, however, Cardinal Manning denies—such statements are declared "calumnious falsehoods, fabricated to bring the Council into odium and contempt." Other reports are not in harmony with this declaration. This much is certain that certain vigourous protests were entered against the policy of the Curia, notably by Schwarzenberg and Strossmayer. The speech of the latter produced a scene. Some of his utterances were startling. He denied the statement of the Draft Decrees, that Protestantism was the source of the several forms of unbelief specified in the draft, and did so with such emphasis that the senior President, said, "This is not the place to praise the Protestants." So unpalatable were his remarks that he was commanded to stop, and, if we may believe some reports, a very much disturbed state of affairs followed. One report says that the confusion was such that those in the Church imagined the dogma had been carried, and raised the cry of "Long live the Infallible Pope!"

The decrees were passed on the 24th. They contained eighteen anathemas! They practically imposed new articles of belief upon millions, many of whom, like Newman, had fancied their Church afforded them a solid, unchanging foundation, all the more precious because of the unsubstantial nature of the creeds of other Churches. Against the passing of these decrees and the sanctioning of the Syllabus, the opposition offered no protest, sharing the conviction expressed by Schwarzenberg, "We must not blow our powder away."

Such was the impatience of the Pope to hasten the question of infallibility, that in spite of the protests of the minority, its consideration was brought out of its proper order. On the 13th of May the great debate began, if so unfair a method of discussion may be called a debate, on the questions of primacy and

infallibility. The report of the speeches, as gathered up by Mr. Arthur from various sources, is intensely interesting. We cannot hope to condense it. Darboy's speech, which was printed as well as spoken, is suggestive, and affords a measure by which one may estimate the points of difference between the two parties. One paragraph must be quoted:—

"Will personal and independent infallibility raise again from the grave the extinct Churches on the African shores? or will it awake out of sleep that East which once bloomed with so many talents and virtues? Will it be easier for our brethren, the Vicars Apostolic, to bring back Pagans, Mohammedans, and Schismatics, to the Catholic faith, if they teach them that the Pope is infallible by himself? Will the definition encourage and animate Protestants, and other heretics, to draw near to the Roman Church, laying aside all their prejudices and animosities?"

The debate had proceeded for several days. Strossmayer had spoken with admirable clearness and moderation. Kenrick, Haynald, Dupanloup, and others, were waiting for their turn, when, on the 3rd of June, the Presidents produced a petition, signed by above one hundred and fifty bishops, for a close of the general debate. Upon a standing vote, without discussion the debate was declared closed.

The general questions covered by the decrees having been now closed, the particular question of infallibility was opened on the 18th of June. Its general principles had been considered previously. It was now to be discussed separately from all contingent topics. Though the debate called forth some able speeches, every one felt that it was a foregone conclusion. The city was becoming intolerably hot, and for not a few, dangerously unhealthy. July had now come. At last the voting began. Six hundred and one bishops were present, some had returned home, and some who were in the city had stayed away. As the names were called, each member of the Council responded in one of three ways: Content, Not Content, or Conditionally Content. The vast majority responded *Content.* But not all. Prince Schwarzenburg said No. The bishops of Milan, Paris, Munich, Vienna, and some twenty-three others, lifted their testimony against the decree making papal infallibility, as apart from the infallibility of the Church, the belief of the Churches which they represented. Eighty abstained from voting; sixty-two pro-

claimed themselves conditionally content; four hundred and fifty-one accepted the decree.

The vote caused great excitement. The minority had been more firm than foes had expected or friends hoped. They sought to have the decree modified, but in vain. Each following step more firmly riveted the chains by which they were bound. The minority left Rome heart-broken, many of them, at the sudden overthrow of traditions and beliefs that were almost as sacred to them as life itself.

At the last session 435 seats were occupied, some two hundred less than at the opening. About twenty delegates had died; sickness detained others; several were indifferent to being present; others had returned home. The decree which pronounced the definitions of the Roman Pontiff of themselves, *and not by consent of the Church*, irreformable, was assented to amid the accompanying voices of a raging Roman storm.

What has this movement accomplished for the promoters? Fast following the Council came the Franco-Prussian war, and, worse, the movement by which the Pope became a "prisoner" in his own city. Protestantism has not languished. Infidelity, alas! has not been vanquished. A decade of years has revealed this much, that the Church of God is not advanced in her truest interests by any means other than those which her Founder Himself has left for her guidance. This "movement," of which Mr. Arthur treats in his volumes, is one which we cannot afford to ignore. It is in the hands of crafty men. Many of them are doubtless sincere in believing that the redemption of the world must be effected by making the Pope the governor of the world. How shall the issue be avoided? Not by fighting Rome with her own weapons, but by such a jealous watching after and guarding of the first principles of Christian liberty, as revealed in the New Testament, that the progress of error shall be stayed by obedience to St. Paul's grand maxim, "Overcome evil with good."

ORILLIA, *Ont.*

VALERIA,

THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CATACOMBS OF ROME AND THEIR TESTIMONY."

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE MARTYRS CROWNED.

At a flourish of trumpets the iron-studded doors of the cells in which the Christians were confined were thrown open, and the destined martyrs walked forth on the arena in the sight of assembled thousands. It was a spectacle to arrest the attention of even the most thoughtless, and to move the sympathy of even the most austere. At the head of the little company walked the good presbyter, Demetrius, his silvery hair and beard and benignant expression of countenance giving him a strikingly venerable aspect. Leaning heavily on his arm, evidently faint in frame but strong in spirit, was his daughter Callirhoë. Robed in white, she looked the embodiment of saintly purity, and in her eyes there beamed a heroic courage which inspired a wonder that so brave a soul should be shrined in so frail a body. Adauctus, Aurelius, and other Christian confessors condemned to death, made up the little contingent of the noble army of martyrs.

The prefect Naso, from his place in the tribune, near the Emperors, read the sentence of the court, that the accused having been proven by ample testimony to be the enemies of the Cæsars and of the gods, had been condemned to death by exposure to wild beasts.

"Nay, not the enemies of the Cæsars," exclaimed the aged Demetrius. "We are the friends of all, the enemies of none.* We pray for the Cæsars at all our assemblies."

"Will you do homage to the gods?" demanded Diocletian. "Will you burn incense to Neptune? Here is his altar and here are his priests."

"We worship the true God who made the heavens and the earth, the sea and all that in them is," replied the venerable man, with uplifted and reverent countenance, "and Him only will we serve. They be no gods which are made by man's device, and 'tis idolatry to serve them."

* This famous phrase dates from the time of Tertullian, in the 3rd century, and is also recorded in the Catacombs.

"Away with the Atheists," cried the priests of Neptune; "they blaspheme the holy gods."

"The Christians to the lions!" roared the mob, and at the signal from the Emperor to the master of the games, the dens of the wild beasts were thrown open, and the savage brutes, starved into madness, bounded into the arena. The defenceless martyrs fell upon their knees in prayer, and seemed conscious only of the presence of Him who stood with the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace, so rapt was the expression of faith and courage on their upturned faces.

The fierce Numidian lions, and tigers from the Libyan desert, instead of bounding upon their prey, began to circle slowly around them, lashing their tawny flanks meanwhile, glaring at their victims from bloodshot fiery eyes, and uttering horrid growls.

At this moment a loud shout was heard, and a soldier, clad in burnished mail, and with his drawn sword in his hand, one of the body guards of the Emperors, leaped from the tribune and bounded with clashing armour into the arena. Striding across the sand, he hurled aside his iron helmet and his sword, and flung himself at the feet of the aged priest, with the words:—

"Father, your blessing; Callirhoë, your parting kiss. I, too, am a Christian. Long time have I sought you, alas! only to find you thus. But gladly will I die with you, and, separated in life, we are united in death and forever."

"*Nunc dimittis, Domine!*" exclaimed the old man, raising his eyes to heaven. "'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" And he laid his hands in blessing on the head of his long-lost son.

"Ezra, my brother!" exclaimed Callirhoë, folding him in her arms. "To think we were so near, yet knew not of each other. Thank God, we go to heaven together; and, long divided on earth, we shall soon, with our beloved mother, be a united family forever in the skies. 'And God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.'"

"Amen! even so, come, Lord Jesus!" spake the young soldier, as he enfolded, as if in a sheltering embrace, the gray-haired sire and the fair-faced girl.

The utmost consternation was exhibited on the countenance of

the old Emperor Diocletian. "What! have we Christians and traitors even in our body guard? Our very life is at the mercy of those wretches!"

"I would feel safer with them," said the more stoical or more courageous Galerius, "than with the *delators* and informers who betray them," and he glanced with mingled contempt and aversion at Naso, the prefect, and Furca, the priest. "When a Christian gives his word, 'tis sacred as all the oaths of Hecate. I want no better soldiers than those of the Thundering Legion."*

Meanwhile the wild beasts, startled for a moment by the sudden apparition of the mail-clad soldier, seemed roused thereby to ten-fold fury. Crouching stealthily for the fatal spring, they bounded upon their prey, and in a moment crashing bones and streaming gore appeased the growing impatience of the cruel mob, who seemed, like the very wild beasts, to hunger and thirst for human flesh and blood.

We dwell not on the painful spectacle. The gallant young soldier was the first to die. The brave girl, with a gesture of maiden modesty, drew her dishevelled robe about her person, and with a queenly dignity awaited the wild beast's fatal spring. She was mercifully spared the spectacle of her father's dying agony. Her overstrung nerves gave way, and she fell in a swoon upon the sands. Demetrius met his fate praying upon his knees. Like Stephen, he gazed steadfastly up into heaven, and the fashion of his countenance was suddenly transfigured as he exclaimed: "Lord Jesus! Rachel, O my beloved! we come, we come." And above the roar of the ribald mob and the growl of the savage beasts, fell sweetly on his inner ear the song of the redeemed, and burst upon his sight the beatific vision of the Lord he loved, and for whom he gladly died.

So, too, like brave men, victorious o'er their latest foe, Adauctus, Aurelius, and the others calmly met their fate. When all the rest were slain, a lordly lion approached the prostrate form of Callirhoë, but she was already dead. She had passed from her swoon, without a pang, to the marriage supper of the Lamb—to the presence of the Celestial Bridegroom—the fairest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely—to whom the homage of her

* The *Legio Tonans*, tradition affirms, was a legion composed wholly of Christians, whose prayers in a time of drought brought on a violent thunder-storm, which confounded the enemy and saved the army.

young heart had been fully given. She was spared, too, the indignity, of being mangled by the lion's jaws. When the king of beasts found that she was already dead, he raised his massy head, gave a mournful howl, and strode haughtily away.

In the great gallery of Doré paintings at London, is one of this Flavian Amphitheatre after a human sacrifice such as we have described. There lie the mangled forms upon the gory and trampled sands. The sated wild beasts prowl listlessly over the arena. The circling seats rise tier above tier, empty and desolate. But poised in air, with outspread wings, above the slain, with a countenance of light and a palm of victory, is a majestic angel; and sweeping upward in serried ranks, amid the shining stars, is a cloud of bright-winged angels, the convoy of the martyrs' spirits to the skies. So, doubtless, God sent a cohort of sworded seraphim to bear the martyrs of our story blessed company, and to sweep with them through the gates into the city.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE MARTYRS BURIED.

Darker and darker grew the shadows of night over the great empty and desolate amphitheatre, but a few hours before clamorous with the shouts and din of the tumultuous mob. The silence seemed preternatural, and a solemn awfulness seemed to invest the shrouded forms which lay upon the sand. By a merciful provision of the Roman law, it made not war upon the dead, and the bodies even of criminals were given up to their friends, if they had any, that they might not be deprived of funeral rites. Having wreaked his cruel rage upon the living body, the pagan magistrate at least did not deny the privilege of burial to the martyrs' mutilated remains. It was esteemed by the primitive believers as much an honour as a duty, to ensepulchre with Christian rites the remains of the sacred dead.*

Faustus, the faithful freedman of Adauctus, Hilarus, the fossor, and the servants of the Christian matron, Marcella, came at the fall of night to bear away the bodies of the martyrs to their final resting-place in the silent Catacomb. The service was not

* See Eusebius, Hist. Eccl., vii., 16 and 22. Eutychianus, a Roman Christian, is recorded to have buried three hundred and forty-two martyrs with his own hands.

devoid of danger, for vile informers prowled around seeking to discover and betray whomsoever would pay the rites of sepulture to the remains of the Christian martyrs. But there are golden keys which will unlock any doors and seal any lips, and Marcella spared not her wealth in this sacred service.

On the present occasion, too, special facility was given for carrying out this pious purpose. Through the influence of the Empress Valeria, Hilarus, the fossor, was enabled to show to the chief custodian of the amphitheatre an authorization under the hand of Galerius for removing the bodies of the "criminals who had paid the penalty of the law"—so ran the rescript.

Beneath the cliff-like shadow of the Coliseum gathered this little Christian company. The iron gates opened their ponderous jaws. By the fitful flare of a torch weirdly lighting up the vaulted arches, with gentle and reverent hands, as though the cold clay could still feel their lightest touch, the bodies of the dead were laid upon the biers. Through the silent streets, devout men in silence bore the martyrs to their burial. Through the Porta Capena, which opened to the magic spell of the Emperor's order; through the silent "Street of Tombs," still lined with the monuments of Rome's mighty dead, wended slowly the solemn procession. There was no wailing of the pagan *nœnia* or funeral dirge, neither was there the chanting of the Christian hymn. But in silence, or with only whispered utterance, they reached the door of the private grounds of the Villa Marcella.

First the bodies were borne to the villa, where, by loving hands, the stains of dust and blood were washed away. Then, robed in white and bestrewn with flowers, they were placed on the biers in the marble atrium. Again the good presbyter Primitius read the words of life as at the burial of Lucius, the martyr,* and vows and prayers were offered up to God.

While this solemn service was in progress, a lady, deeply-veiled, was seen to be agitated by violent grief. Convulsive sobs shook her frame, and her tears fell fast. When the forms of the martyrs were uncovered, that their friends might take their last farewell, the Empress Valeria, for it was she, flung herself on her knees beside the body of the late slave maiden, and rained

* See Chapter VI.

tears of deep emotion on her face. More lovely in death than in life, the fine-cut features seemed like the most exquisite work of the sculptor carved in translucent alabaster. A crown of asphodel blossoms—the emblems of immortality—encircled her brow, and a palm branch—the symbol of the martyr's victory—was placed upon her breast.

"Give her an honoured place among the holy dead," said the Empress, amid her sobs, to the venerable Primitius.

"I have given orders," said the Lady Marcella, "that she, with her father and brother, shall sleep side by side in the chamber prepared as the last resting-place for my own family. We shall count it a precious privilege, in God's own good time, to be laid to rest near the dust of His holy confessors and martyrs."

"Aurelius shall share the tomb," said Hilarus, the fossor, "which he made for himself while yet alive, beside his noble wife, Aurelia Theudosia.

"Be it mine to honour with a memorial tablet the remains of my good master Adauctus," said Faustus, the freedman, with deep emotion.*

"It shall be my privilege," said the Empress, "to provide for my beloved handmaiden, as a mark of the great love I bore her, a memorial of her saintly virtues; and let her bear my name in death as in life, so that those who read her epitaph may know she was the freedwoman and friend of an unhappy Empress."

The Empress Valeria now retired, and with her trusty escort, returned to the city.

With psalms and hymns, and the solemn chanting of such versicles as: "*Convertere anima mea, in requiem tuam*"—"Return unto thy rest, O my soul;" and "*Si ambulavero in medio umbræ mortis, non timebo mala*"—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil," the funeral procession wound its way, by gleaming torchlight, through the cypress

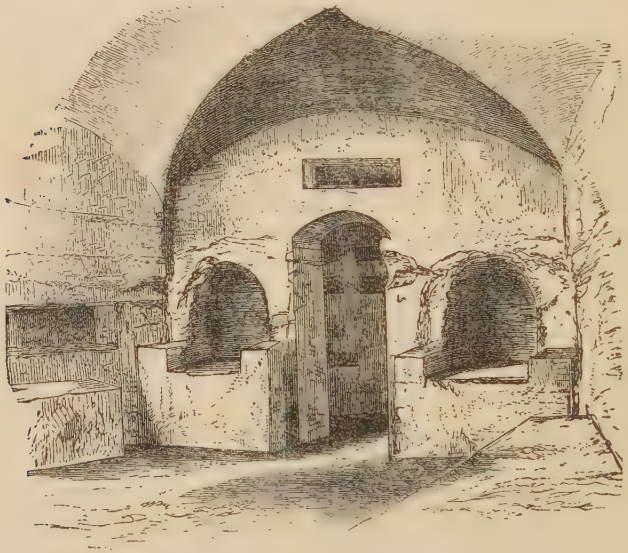
* Through the long lapse of ages this memorial has been preserved, and may still be read in Gruter's great collection of ancient inscriptions. It is also referred to in Gibbon. In the epitaph occur the following fine lines:

INTEMERATA FIDE CONTEMPTO PRINCIPE MVNDI
CONFESSVS XRM CAELESTIA REGNA PETISTI.

"With unfaltering faith, despising the lord of the world, having confessed Christ, thou dost seek the celestial realms."

glades of the garden to the entrance of the Catacomb of Callixtus. Here additional torches and tapers were lighted, and carefully the sacred burdens were carried down the long and narrow stair, and through the intricate passages to the family vault of the Lady Marcella.

This vault was one of unusual size and loftiness, and had been especially prepared for holding religious service during the outbreak of persecution. Marcella held the office of deaconess in the Christian Church, and when even the privacy of her own house was not a sufficient safeguard against the prying of pagan



SUBTERRANEAN ORATORY, CATACOMB OF CALLIXTUS.

spies, she was wont to retire to the deeper seclusion of this subterranean place of prayer. On each side of the door were seats hewn in the solid rock, one for the deaconess, the other for the female catechist who shared her pious labours. Around the wall was a low stone seat for the female catechumens, for the most part members of her own household, who here received religious instruction. The accompanying engraving indicates the appearance of this ancient oratory or class-room, its main features unchanged, although the lapse of centuries has somewhat marred its structure and defaced its beauty.

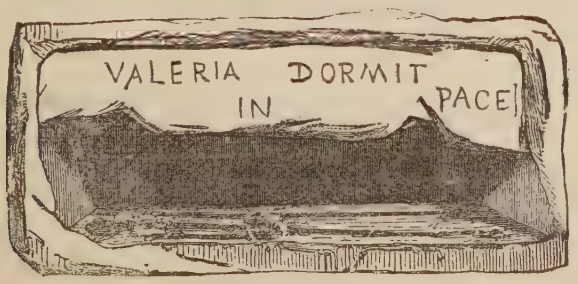
With solemn rites and prayers the remains of the martyrs

were consigned to their last long resting-place. Amid the sobs and tears of the mourners, the good presbyter Primitius paid a loving tribute to their holy lives and heroic death—all the more thrilling because they themselves stood in jeopardy every hour. In the presence of the martyred dead the venerable pastor then broke the bread and poured the wine of the Last Supper of the Lord, and the little company of worshippers seemed united in still closer fellowship with those who now kept the sacred feast in the kingdom of their common Father and God.

Before they left the chamber, Hilarus, after he had hermetically sealed the tombs of Demetrius and Ezra, his son, cemented with plaster a marble slab against the opening of that on which was laid—rude couch for form so fair—the body of the chief subject of our "ower true tale." As it was designed to be but a temporary memorial of the virgin martyr, until the costly epitaph which the Empress was to provide should be ready, he took the little pot of pigment which he had brought for the purpose, and with his brush inscribed the brief sentence:—

VALERIA DORMIT IN PACE.
ANIMA DULCIS, INNOCVA, SAPIENS ET PVLCHRA, IN XRO.
QVI VIXIT ANNOS XVIII. MEN. V. DIES X.

"Valeria sleeps in peace. A sweet spirit—guileless, wise, beautiful—in Christ. She lived eighteen years, five months, ten days."



"Valeria Sleeps in Peace."

Alas! the time never came when that costly memorial should be reared. The violence of persecution soon drove the Empress herself an exile from her home, and when the storm rolled away there was none left to carry out her pious wish. Through the long centuries that humble epitaph was all the memorial of one

of the noblest, sweetest, bravest souls that ever lived. And even that rude slab was not destined always to cover her remains. After the re-discovery of the Catacombs in the sixteenth century many of their tombs were pillaged for relics, or in the vain search for treasure. By some ruthless rifler of the grave this very slab was shivered, and the lower part of the epitaph destroyed; and there upon its rocky bed, on which it had reposed for well-nigh fifteen hundred years, lay in mouldering dust the remains of the maiden martyr, Valeria Callirhoë. Verily *Pulvis et umbra sumus*!

Primitius and Hilarus, with the little company of devout men who bore the martyrs to their burial, now proceeded to the entombment, in a neighbouring crypt, of the bodies of Adauctus and Aurelius. As they advanced through the dark corridors, but dimly lighted by their tapers' feeble rays, the silence of that under-world seemed almost appalling. Black shadows crouched around, and their footsteps echoed strangely down the distant passages, dying gradually away in this vast valley of the shadow of death. Almost in silence their sacred task was completed, and they softly sang a funeral hymn before they turned to leave their martyred brethren to their last long sleep.

Suddenly there was heard the tumultuous "tramp, tramp," as of armed men. Then the clang of iron mail and bronze cuirass resounded through the vaulted corridors. The glare of torches was seen at the end of a long arched passage, and the sharp, swift word of military command rang out stern and clear.

"Forward! Seize the caitiffs! Let not one escape! Slay if they resist!" and a rush was made to the chamber where the notes of the Christian psalm had but now died away.

"Out with your lights!" exclaimed, in a muffled tone, Hilarus, the fossor. "Follow me as closely and as quietly as you can. Good Father Primitius, your arm. By God's help we will disappoint those hunters of men of their anticipated prey."

"Or join our brethren in martyrdom, as is His will," devoutly added Primitius. "He doeth all things well."

But we must go back a little to learn the cause and means of this armed invasion of the Catacombs.

MEN WORTH KNOWING;

OR, HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.

THE CHURCH IN THE DESERT; OR, HUGUENOT HEROES AND MARTYRS.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

In the south-eastern part of France is a stern mountain region of volcanic origin. Its high bleak uplands are clothed with stunted junipers or scanty fields of rye, and in winter the snow lies long and deep. In sheltered valleys the olive, chestnut, and mulberry flourish, but on the sterile heights only a few flocks of mountain sheep crop the meagre herbage. This is the "Desert" of the Cévennes, inhospitable and forbidding in aspect, but made memorable forever by one of the noblest struggles for religious liberty the world has ever seen. The sublime faith and patience and undaunted daring of the persecuted Church in the Desert are a legacy to every age, and the thrilling story of its heroes and martyrs still stirs the deepest pulses of our hearts.

By the Edict of Nantes the gallant Henri Quatre, in 1599, gave the Huguenots full toleration after nearly a century of persecution. In ten years he fell beneath the dagger of the fanatical monk, Ravaillac, and the Huguenots lost their powerful protector. Renewed oppressions led to revolt, which Cardinal Richelieu crushed with a ruthless hand. In the heroic defence of Rochelle against his troops, the Huguenot population was reduced in fifteen months from 27,000 to 5,000 persons. Cardinal Mazarin, the politic minister for twenty years of Louis XIV., anxious to retain the alliance of Cromwell, the champion of Protestant liberties throughout the world, tolerated the Huguenots.

On the death of Mazarin, the dissolute monarch, like another Herod, "stretched forth his hands to vex the Church." Instigated by the Jesuits and by his bigot mistress, De Main-

* The leading authorities for this paper are Martyn's History of the Huguenots, Smiles' Huguenots in France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and Memoires d' un Protestant Condamne aux Galeres de France, the contemporary narrative of a galley slave, with several Cyclopedia articles.

tenon, herself an apostate Protestant, he sought to atone for the crimes of his youth by persecuting the saints of God. The Huguenots were excluded from public life, from the universities, from the liberal professions, from the more honourable arts and industries, and they were compelled to wear a distinctive dress. Many emigrated to England, Germany, and Holland, till emigration was prohibited. Edict followed edict with increasing severity, with penalties graded from a fine to imprisonment, to the galleys, and to death. Then followed the infamous "dragonades." A brutal soldiery were quartered on the "heretics," and, records a historian of the period, they inflicted "devastation, pillage, torture—there was nothing at which they recoiled. Indeed, they gave such loose rein to their passions that their frightful excesses would have shamed a horde of brigands."*

To complete the extirpation of his noblest subjects, Louis XIV., on the 17th of October, 1685, by his own despotic will, annulled forever all the solemn pledges of his royal ancestor, Henry IV., to which he himself had also sworn, and signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—an event of tragical significance in history. The Huguenots were absolutely forbidden the exercise of their religion—that dearest right of man—their churches were ordered to be levelled to the ground, and their ministers to quit the realm in fifteen days. The Huguenot flocks were forbidden to follow them under penalty of the galleys, and their children were required to be baptized forthwith by Catholic priests, and trained up in the Romish faith. The Jesuits were in ecstasy. "Heresy is no more," exclaimed Bossuet: "God alone could have worked this marvel." "*Nunc dimittis,*" chanted the Chancellor Le Tellier, in blasphemous triumph, as he affixed the seal of the realm to the infamous document. The dragoons found congenial employment in torture and pillage. The mob were delighted with the task of sacking and destroying the Protestant churches. "I have this morning condemned seventy-six of these wretches," records the Lieutenant of Languedoc. "It is not at all dull," writes the vivacious Madame Sévegné, "hanging is quite a refreshment to me. They have just taken twenty-six or thirty of these men, and are going to throw them off."

* Benoit, in his "Histoire de l' Edit de Nantes," has filled five quarto volumes with accounts of these outrages.

Everybody seemed pleased—except the Huguenots. Multitudes of these, in spite of cordons of soldiers stationed along the frontier to dragoon them back to the galleys or to prison, forsaking home and country and substance, escaped into exile; England, Switzerland, Holland, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, giving them welcome and succour. Thus it is estimated France lost half a million of her best artizans and most pious subjects. Thousands of emigrants perished of hunger, cold, fatigue, or were slain or wounded in attempting their escape. Thousands were captured and thrust into noisome dungeons, and driven in gangs fettered with murderers and the vilest of felons, across the kingdom, that the spectacle might strike with terror their co-religionists. Some of the pastors went into exile, among them old men of ninety, who, too often, perished on the journey. But most of these faithful shepherds of a persecuted flock refused to abandon their charge, and continued by stealth to minister to their scattered congregations, with a price upon their heads and exposed to the penalty of death.

No Protestant might engage in any trade or profession. Even Protestant washerwomen were excluded from the public washing-places on the river. All Protestant books that could be found were burned. And dead Protestants, denied Christian burial, were dragged through the streets and thrown into a ditch or on a dunghill.* Many escaped in disguise, and some, cooped up in casks, were carried on shipboard, or were stored away among bales of goods. But the paternal government of Louis XIV. could not bear thus to lose its subjects. A Royal Order was therefore issued that the ship's holds should be fumigated with deadly gas, so that any hidden Huguenots might be suffocated!

Brutal soldiers were despatched to the infected provinces to convert obstinate heretics by torture and outrage. They set about their congenial work with malignant ingenuity. The feet of their victims were placed in boiling oil. They were made to sit beneath water dropping on their heads, till many died of madness. They were tortured with burning coals, the boot, the rack, the thumbscrew, or were broken on the wheel.† And other

*Such was the fate of M. Chenevix, Councillor of Metz, an old man of eighty, an ancestor of the present archbishop of Dublin.

† Pastor Homel, after his bones were broken with an iron bar, lingered forty hours upon the wheel. "Farewell, beloved spouse," he said to his

modes of conversion were employed, too horrible to record. Of those who would not be converted the prisons were kept full. Without fire, without light, without straw, and almost without food, they languished in horrible dungeons, and as rapidly as they died their places were filled by others.

Those who under such stern persuasion professed conversion, were driven in gangs to the churches, penned up like lepers, and treated scarce less harshly than the obstinate heretics. Many of them escaped from France, and in exile abjured with bitter tears their apostasy. Some of the pastors who had escaped, full of remorse at what they thought their cowardice, returned to share the perils and to cheer the hearts of their persecuted brethren, who still worshipped God in dens and caves of the earth. One of these, Claude Brousson, said to his weeping wife, "I must go and strengthen my brethren, groaning under their oppressions. If God lets His soldiers die, they will preach louder from their graves than during their lives." With nine companions, he returned from the security of fair Lausanne, to the perils of the bleak mountains of the Cévennes. Though pursued like a wild beast, he stole by night to the Desert assemblies. With a price upon his head, he hid in hollow trees and rocky caves. He carried a small board on which, placed on his knees, he wrote his sermons. Seventeen of these he sent to His Most Christian Majesty Louis XIV., as a proof that he preached only the pure Word of God. These sermons were afterwards published in Amsterdam, and breathe only words of charity and love.

After four years' ministry in the Desert, during which he seldom slept beneath a roof, Brousson returned, a physical wreck, to Lausanne. When restored to health he was appointed pastor, with a liberal stipend, at the Hague. But the cry of his brethren entered his soul, and leaving ease and comfort, wife and friends, disguised as a wool-comber, with a pack upon his shoulders, he again crossed the frontier. The persecution was very bitter, and Brousson, to escape capture, had to take refuge in a well. A soldier descended to explore its depths, but in the darkness failed to find him. At last he was taken, but might have escaped had he not promised not to attempt it. He was condemned to be

weeping wife, "though you see my bones broken to shivers, yet is my soul filled with inexpressible joy."

broken on the wheel. His last act was a benediction on the multitude who came to see him die.

An army of 40,000 men was sent into the Cévennes to convert these obstinate heretics. For fifteen years these unarmed peasants had endured with heroic patience their cruel persecution. They now burst out into open revolt. Pierre Seguier, stung by that "oppression which maketh a wise man mad," declared that he had a call from God to deliver the people. The peasants rallied at his summons, and with pikes and scythes attacked a chateau filled with arms. Seguier was soon captured and burned to death. But another hero, Laporte, took his place, and led the peasants against their foe. Chanting Marot's version of the sixty-eighth psalm, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered" —the "Marseillaise" of the Camisards*—they charged against the veteran warriors of France. Laporte was surprised at a field-meeting and slain. His nephew Roland, a neatherd, took up the fallen brand. The peasant warriors gathered. They converted the mountain caves into hospitals, arsenals, and powder-factories, and guarded the narrow passes. Again and again the royal troops were defeated by a few hundred cowherds and wool-carders. More troops, including an Irish brigade, were sent to the Cévennes. Sixty thousand godless ruffians ravaged the country, burned to ashes five hundred villages, and slew all the inhabitants, except a few who escaped. Three hundred Camisards, besieged in a tower, were burned to death, singing the psalms of Marot with their last breath.

Cavalier, a Camisard leader, retaliated, by harrying the Catholic villages. He encountered the Royalists, six to one, and utterly routed them. For three years of bloodshed and rapine the Camisard revolt lasted, when it was crushed by overwhelming

*Que Dieu se montre seulement
Et l'on verra dans un moment
Abandonner la place ;
Le camp des ennemies epars,
Epouvante de toutes parts,
Fuira devant sa face.

While chanting this sacred war-song, each man became a lion. It was the *pas de charge* in many a hard-fought fight. The name Camisards, given them by their enemies, was probably derived from the common blouse or *camisole* they wore—their only uniform. They called themselves no other name than "The Children of God"—*Enfants de Dieu.*

force. Cavalier entered the English service and reached the rank of Major-General. The Huguenots were seemingly exterminated. The King had medals struck announcing the "extinction of heresy." But the Desert assemblies still met in wild and lonely gorges. Often surprised by the soldiery, many were slain, and the living sent to the dungeons or the galleys.

Of the latter dreadful punishment we have a vivid account in the autobiography of Jean Marteilhe, a galley slave, which, after lying for a hundred years in an old trunk, was published in Paris in 1868.* Attempting to escape to the Netherlands, he was arrested and condemned to the galleys. He was thrown into a dungeon so dark that he could not see to drive away the rats which stole his bread. Several of his fellow-prisoners were so horribly bastinadoed that they died. He was made to march with a chain of prisoners, in the winter of 1712, across the whole breadth of France, from Havre to Marseilles. Over four hundred men were chained together in pairs, with a long thick chain running the entire length of the gang, each prisoner bearing a weight of a hundred and fifty pounds of fetters. Many of these were murderers and the vilest of felons, but the Huguenots were distinguished by red jackets, as deserving of special opprobrium.

At Paris they were confined in the dungeon of La Tourney, chained to beams so that they could neither sit, lie, nor stand. At Charenton they were made to strip in an open courtyard during a hard frost, that their clothes might be searched, and all money, knives, or files taken away. They were so benumbed that during the night eighteen of them died. They slept in stables or on dung heaps, in mud, rain, or snow. Often parched with thirst, they stretched their wooden cups for a drop of water to the villagers as they passed. But even the women spurned their appeal with the jeer, "Away! You are going where you will have *water enough!*"

The punishment of the galleys was almost worse than that of the chain. The royal galley was 150 feet long and 40 broad. It had 50 benches for rowers, 25 on each side. The oars were 50 feet long, 37 feet outside of the ship and 13 inside. Six men

* Memoires d'un Protestant Condamne aux Galeres de France pour cause de Religion ecrits, par lui meme. A book of more tragic and thrilling nterest we have never read.

tugged at each oar, all chained to the same bench. They had to row in unison, or they would be heavily struck by the oars before or behind them. Beside the 300 rowers, the galley carried 200 officers and soldiers. A slave-driver scourged the rowers to their task by a long whip. "To enable his strokes to *tell*, the men sat naked while they rowed." At night the galley-slave slept where he sat. He never quitted his bench except for the hospital or the grave. Yet some of the Huguenots lingered on in this living death for thirty or forty years.

"During all these years," says Smiles, "they toiled in their chains in a hell of foul and disgusting utterance, for they were mixed up with thieves and the worst of criminals. They ate the bread and drank the waters of bitterness. Their keepers lashed them to make them row harder, lashed them to make them sit up, lashed them to make them lie down." "Go and refresh the backs of those Huguenots with a salad of strokes from the whip," the captain of Martielhe's galley used to say, for he hated them worse than the thieves and murderers. And yet at any moment a word spoken would have made these heroic confessors free. If they would only recant their heresy their chains would fall off, and they would be restored to life, to friends, to liberty. Yet very rarely did one give up his religion. They preferred to remain galley-slaves for life.

For nearly two years the illustrious Scottish Reformer, John Knox, was chained to the oar of the galley "*Nostre Dame.*" The felon's fare, the heavy toil, exposure to the wintry elements, undermined his health, but could not break his intrepid spirit. One day an image of the Virgin was presented him to kiss. He refused, when the officer pressed it to his lips. Snatching the image he threw it into the sea, with the words:—

"Lat our ladie now save herself; sche is lycht enoughe, lat hir leirne to swime."

These galleys swarmed in the harbours of Dunkirk, Brest, Bordeaux, Toulon, and Marseilles. They scoured the Mediterranean to protect French commerce from Moorish pirates. In the British channel they lay in wait for Dutch or English merchant ships, or engaged in actual sea fight. The oarsmen often had to row all night, and loaded cannon commanded the benches so as to shoot them down in case of revolt. During

action they were the special objects of attack—just as the boiler or screw of a war sloop is now—in order to disable the ship.

Martielhe records an adventure which well-nigh cost him his life. His galley—*La Palme*—attacked an English frigate convoying a merchant fleet. The English captain, by a dexterous manœuvre, collided with the galley, broke off all its oars on one side, and held it firmly with grappling irons. His cannon, loaded with grape-shot and scrap-iron, were discharged into the writhing mass of galley-slaves, and great carnage ensued. A shower of hand-grenades was also rained down upon them. Martielhe's bench was just opposite a loaded gun, which he could touch with his hand. He saw the gunner approach with lighted match, and lifted up his heart to God. In a moment he was hurled, desperately wounded, the length of his chain, and his five fellow-slaves were mangled to death. He lay unconscious in the darkness—for night had fallen—while the soldiers threw the dead into the sea. Being roughly seized for the same purpose, the pain of his wound caused him to wince, and he was spared for further sufferings. For three days his wounds were undressed and became gangrened. Then the wounded were hauled up by pulleys and ropes like cattle, and sent to the hospital. "In three months," says Martielhe, "I was as sleek and fat as a monk," although three-fourths of the wounded had died, and he was sent back to the galleys. Unable to row, he was made a sort of steward in the store-room.

The Reformed in Holland and Switzerland tried to mitigate the sufferings of these galley-slaves by gifts of money secretly conveyed to them, and Martielhe records the generous fidelity of a Turkish slave, who for four years became the medium of conveying this money—a service of much danger—and resolutely refused any reward. The war between France and England was terminated by the peace of Utrecht, and Queen Anne demanded the liberation of the Huguenots in the galleys. After much evasion and shuffling on the part of the Most Christian King, a considerable number, among whom was Martielhe, were released. Landing at Nice, they found their way through the Vaudois valleys and over the Alps to Geneva—which they reached "with a joy which can only be compared with that of the Israelites at the sight of the land of Canaan." The people, many of whom were exiles with friends on the galleys, came forth to meet them with joyous cries of recognition—"Oh, my husband! my son!

my brother!" Some proceeded to Holland and England—sanctuaries of the oppressed Huguenots—and had the honour of kissing Queen Anne's hand, and of interceding for their brethren still in captivity—an intercession which led at length to their release.

Under such cruel persecutions, continued for long years, Huguenotism seemed to languish. But beneath the ashes the fire burned. When the worn-out voluptuary, Louis XIV., lay upon his death-couch, Antoine Court, a young Huguenot preacher, began to reorganize the long-oppressed Church in the Desert. Clad in various disguises, and traversing by night the lonely mountain passes, he preached with zeal throughout the Cévennes. He held in the old quarry at Nismes, where almost every stone was stained with martyrs' blood, an assembly of the Desert pastors. A "school of the prophets" was formed for training candidates for the pastor's perilous office. The synods met in mountain caves. The students followed their teachers in their midnight wanderings, and studied, preached, and prayed with the sentence of the galleys or the scaffold hanging over their heads. For listening to their sermons a number of Huguenots were transported to the colony of New Orleans, on the Mississippi. Boys of twelve were sent to the galleys for life for attending "the preaching."

Meanwhile "the chase," as it was called, continued. The hanging of the pastors was never suffered to flag. "What an honour for me, O my God!" exclaimed Pierre Dorteat upon the scaffold, "to suffer for the truth." Often the dead bodies of the martyrs were dragged through the streets. On the death of Court, Paul Rabout became his successor. "For more than thirty years," says his biographer, "caverns and huts, whence he was unearthed like a wild beast, were his only habitation." For a long time he hid beneath a pile of stones and thorn bushes. "Yet this hut of piled stones," says Smiles, "was the centre of Protestantism in France."

And all the weary while Louis *Le Bien Aimé* was rioting amid the orgies of the *Petit Trianon* and the *Parc aux Cerfs.* While millions were lavished in wantonness and vice, the people starved. When they clamoured for bread, the King bade them "eat grass." But a terrible retribution was pending. The red spectre of the Revolution, which was soon to overturn both

throne and altar in the dust, avenged the persecution of the saints. Strangely enough, the arch-skeptic of Europe was the instrument, more than any other, to procure the toleration of the Huguenots. The last executions of the Reformed took place in 1762. Jean Calas, an old man smitten with paralysis, was broken on the wheel at Toulouse, on pretence of the murder of his son, but really on account of his religion. Voltaire was no friend to the Huguenots, but he hated injustice. He took up the case of Calas, and made all Europe ring with his denunciations of this judicial murder. So intense was public indignation that the court which condemned Calas to death pronounced him innocent, and awarded 36,000 francs to his widow. Twenty years later Voltaire was received with enthusiasm in Paris. "Who is that man whom the crowd follow?" asked a passer-by. "Ne savez vous pas," was the answer, "que c'est le sauveur de Calas!" No more Protestants were hanged in France for their religion.

The cynical skeptic had somewhere a spark of good in his soul. He interceded for the release of the Huguenots from the galleys. Among those released were old men who had been chained to the oar for twenty-five, twenty-eight, and thirty years! The doors of the prison, too, were thrown open. One of the most dreadful of these was the Tour de Constance, amid the malarious marshes of Aiguesmortes. This was a dismal dungeon with walls eighteen feet thick, in which Huguenot women of rank were confined. Sixteen prisoners immured here in 1688, died in five months. Over the gates were written the words which Dante says are written on the gates of hell:—

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi che 'ntrate."

When the doors were opened fourteen women were found, the youngest of whom was over fifty and had been buried in this living grave for two and forty years.

In 1789, Rabaut Saint-Etienne, son of Rabaut, the persecuted Pastor of the Desert, as a member of the Constituent Assembly of France, demanded for the Huguenots, not toleration, but liberty. "Toleration!" he exclaimed, "I demand that toleration be prescribed in its turn, and deemed an iniquitous word, dealing with us Protestants as criminals to whom pardon is to be granted." His bold demand was granted, and thenceforth all restraints were

removed from French Protestantism.* But Rabaut refused to vote for the death of Louis XIV., and, the Revolution devouring its own children, he was condemned to the guillotine.

To this day the Protestants of the Cévennes often hold memorial services in the glens and quarries where their ancestors were wont to worship God. Nowhere in France is the Reformed religion a more potent force. The Methodists, Moravians, and even the Quakers, have numerous congregations in that Desert, made, by the blood of the saints, to bloom like the garden of the Lord.

The persecution of the Huguenots brought upon France a heavy retribution. She lost by their exile 500,000 of her best subjects and skilled handicraftsmen. She lost, too, 60,000,000 francs in specie, and her most flourishing manufactures; while 400,000 lives paid the forfeit of the long dark reign of terror. "Trade," says St. Simon, "was ruined." "Whole villages," says Sismondi, "were deserted, hundreds of factories were closed, and vast districts became depopulated." "The Huguenots," says Lamartine, "repaid the generous hospitality of those peoples with whom they found a home, by contributing the riches of their cunning labour, by the example of their faith, by the integrity of their lives." "If they are bad Catholics they are good traders," said the Intendant of France; "the most skilled workmen and richest merchants belong to the Reformed." Switzerland, Holland, England, Germany—even the new colonies in America—were enriched by their labours, and many of the most illustrious names in science, art, and literature, are those of Huguenots.† Their expulsion was to France almost a national suicide. Their strength and steadfastness of character would doubtless have largely counterpoised the fickleness and frequent political revolutions of her checkered career. Their sublime endurance, their lofty faith, their heroic courage, are forever the heritage, not of France, but of all mankind.

* The names of Guizot, Michelet, and Waddington, distinguished Protestant statesmen, illustrate this fact.

† The venerable mother of the late General Garfield was of Huguenot descent, and doubtless transmitted much of the high and heroic character of her ancestry to her illustrious son.

THE LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD.*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

JAMES A. GARFIELD was born in the Village of Orange, Ohio, about twelve miles from Cleveland, November 19th, 1831. His parents were both of New England extraction. His mother, Eliza Ballou, was born in New Hampshire, and is a niece of the Rev. Hosea Ballou, a Universalist minister of considerable celebrity.

James was the youngest of four children, and was deprived of his father when only two years old. Though the family was in straitened circumstances, and the eldest boy was but nine years of age, the brave and resolute mother resolved, notwithstanding many suggestions to the contrary, to keep her household together. Working in the fields with her own hands, she encouraged her children in their toil, and wrung success slowly from the world, in which they were placed at such a disadvantage. Mrs. Garfield was a woman of great faith and courage, of rare energy, and excellent business qualities. It was from his mother that the late President derived his immense capacity for work, and the patience and perseverance that characterized him. When her youngest son was about four years old, she determined that the minds of her children should be nourished as well as their bodies. She gave the corner of her lot as the site for a schoolhouse, induced her neighbours to build it, and then, for a time at least, boarded the teacher. At home, and in the school, James sought for knowledge as for hidden treasure, and it was not long until he had mastered the rudiments of an English education.

For a time, working as a carpenter, then as a clerk in a small business establishment, then chopping cordwood upon a piece of ground, now within the limits of the City of Cleveland, he toiled on till he was seized with a desire to go to sea. After studying navigation, under rather difficult circumstances, on the deck of a canal boat, for about eighteen months, and just as he was about to ship as a sailor on a Lake Erie vessel, he was driven home by

* The principal facts embodied in the sketch of the life of Garfield, with which this article opens, are taken from a work entitled, "From the Farm to the Presidential Chair," by James D. McCabe.

an attack of sickness. Here an event occurred which changed the whole current of his career. He became a disciple of Christ. The story of his conversion has been touchingly told: "He stood before the little cottage in the depths of the Ohio wilderness. It was late at night; the stars were out and the moon was down; but by the firelight that came through the window he saw his mother kneeling before an open book which lay on a chair in a corner. Her eyes were off the page looking up to the Invisible. 'Oh! turn unto me,' she was saying, 'and have mercy upon me! Give Thy strength unto Thy servant, and save the son of Thine handmaid.' More she said which sounded like a prayer, but this is all the boy remembered. He opened the door, put his arm about her neck and his head upon her bosom, and there by her side devoted to God the life which God had given. So the mother's prayer was answered. So sprang up the seed which in toil and tears she had watered."

While recovering from his illness, and while his mind was still under the influence of his recent dedication to God, his former thirst for knowledge revived, and in March, 1849, he became a student in the Academy at Chester. Unable to pay the small sum of one dollar and a half per week for board, he, with two other young men, engaged a room in a rough unpainted building, and lived in the most economical manner. In the intervals of study, young Garfield worked as a carpenter, and thus secured the means of support. After leaving Chester, he applied for admission to Hiram Institute, offering to ring the bell, sweep the floors, and light the fires, in payment for tuition. So rapid was his progress that he soon became a tutor, and from that time he looked forward to a collegiate course as a certainty. When, in 1854, he entered Williams' College, his private studies enabled him at once to take a place in the junior class. Some of the students were disposed to look with contempt upon the rather roughly-dressed young man who came to them fresh from the farm and the carpenter's bench, and he had to bear with rude remarks, and ruder treatment. But he pursued his purpose with unswerving determination, and in two years graduated with honours. Little did his fellow-students think of the greatness that was in store for him.

He returned to Hiram Institute, and after serving one year as Professor of Greek and Latin, he was appointed President.

Having attained an honourable position and secured a modest competence, he married, in 1857, Miss Lucretia Rudolph, one of his former pupils, a lady eminently worthy of his attachment, who, by her many excellencies, contributed to his advancement, and was fitted to share the honours he ultimately reached. His success as an educator was unquestioned. The attendance upon the classes was doubled in a short time. The enthusiasm of the President infused itself into the minds of his students. The standard of scholarship was raised, the strength of the faculty increased, and the general efficiency of the institution promoted. On the Sabbath he preached to delighted congregations, and his fame as a public speaker was spread by addresses, delivered on many public occasions. But amid all his engagements, he diligently prosecuted the study of law, the profession he had marked out for himself, but which his busy life gave him few opportunities of practising.

It was not until some years after his marriage that Mr. Garfield's political life began. In 1859 he was elected by the anti-slavery party in that section of Ohio to a place in the Senate of his State. He retained his position as an educator, but threw himself so heartily into the public business assigned him, that he soon took a place among the foremost politicians in the House at Columbus. By the industry with which he mastered every subject he dealt with, by the energy, eloquence, and logical acumen which he displayed as a debater, he soon became an acknowledged leader. The time drew near that tried men's souls. The bombardment of Fort Sumter roused the nation. Before the guns in Charleston harbour were silent, thousands of volunteers were formed into regiments in Ohio, and arms and ammunition were secured with astonishing rapidity. Garfield, after doing noble work in the Senate, went back to his home and organized a company of his own students. First, lieutenant-colonel, then colonel of the regiment of which that company formed a part, he infused his own energy into the men he led. Within one month from the day he received orders to move to "the front," he won a victory over the enemy, and saved Kentucky to the Union. Within three months from the time his young soldiers had heard a shot fired in actual warfare, he captured the almost impregnable position of "Pound Gap," and his reputation as a military leader was established Promoted to the command of a brigade,

General Garfield took part in the action at Pittsburgh Landing, on the Tennessee River; his brigade was one of the first to enter Corinth at the close of the siege. Appointed chief of staff to General Rosecrans, he fulfilled the duties of his difficult station with unquestioned fidelity; passed through the Tullahoma campaign; and took an important part in the battle of Chickamauga, at the close of which he was promoted to the rank of major-general of volunteers, "for gallant and meritorious conduct."

In 1862, while still with the army, he was elected a member of Congress. As his duties in that capacity would not commence till fifteen months after his election, General Garfield, believing the war would be over by that time, accepted the position. In December, 1863, he left the army and took his seat in the House of Representatives. He rose at once to a commanding position, was appointed on the most important committees, and, in 1874, received the whole Republican vote for the speakership. He continued a member of the House until in 1880 he was elected to the Senate of the United States.

On the 2nd of June, 1880, the National Convention of the Republican party met in Chicago, and General Garfield attended it as leader of the Ohio delegation. The long contest between the adherents of Grant and Blaine resulted in a dead-lock, which thirty ballots failed to break. To the last the adherents of the ex-President, under the leadership of Conkling, remained as an unbroken phalanx. But the scattered votes began to gather around Garfield, the disintegration of the Blaine section followed, and by a vote of 399 to 306, the Ohio carpenter was nominated as the candidate of the Republican party, a vote which was afterwards made unanimous. We need not describe the President's progress to Washington, on the eve of his inauguration, which was a grand ovation from Mentor to the Capital. On March 4th, 1881, in the presence of assembled thousands, he took the oath of office, and then turned to his aged mother and reverently touched her brow with his lips. It was an act of homage of which she was eminently worthy. It was because he had such a mother that he stood there.

The short period of the late President's administration was deeply interesting. It was evident that the bitter contest between the two Republican factions, and the fearful excitement produced by the "Star Route" frauds, would make his chair of office any-

thing but a bed of roses. But "as time wore on, President Garfield gained steadily in the esteem of the people. His purpose, to give to the country a fair and just administration of the Government became every day more apparent, and his high and noble qualities became each day more conspicuous. People began to feel that the executive chair was occupied by a man capable of conceiving a pure and noble standard of duty, and possessed of the firmness to carry it out."

Then came the fearful blow of the assassin; the long, long pause between life and death; the heroic struggle so full of hope; the deep devotion of the faithful wife, who hid the anguish of her own breaking heart, that she might alleviate the sufferings that slowly sent their victim to the tomb; the touching simplicity of the aged mother's trust; the fluctuations of the popular feeling between hope and despair; the sympathetic interest of the Old World in the sorrows of the New; and then after it all—Death! The nation sits in sackcloth; stricken humanity weeps, and darkness enshrouds the bereaved home; the silent form is borne back to its last earthly resting-place, along a path lined with the sable trappings of woe, and the story of a noble life is told. From throned monarchs beyond the sea come tokens of homage to an uncrowned king, and the widowed Queen of Britain sends to her sorrowing sister in the West, in words of deepest pathos the message of her sympathy and love.

We see two sides to the terrible tragedy which culminated in the death of President Garfield. On one side, the old barbarism which regards a life, no matter how precious it may be to its possessor and his friends, as a mere trifle to be swept aside, when it interferes with the interests of a party or a person. The representative of the ignorance, envy, and unrest of the seething socialism that hurls defiance against law and order, appears in the person of the murderer. Impatient, impracticable, and visionary, it would reach its dreadful destination through seas of the noblest blood, and beneath the rain of a nation's tears. On the other hand, a grief-stricken and outraged people, the source and support of all constituted authority, mourn over the death of their most distinguished statesman, with a depth and intensity of sorrow, which might well extenuate, though it could not justify, some terrible outbreak of national indignation. But, with a marvellous self-control, the agitated people, with one or two induvidual ex-

ceptions, have kept themselves within the limits of law and order, and the Government has passed from the hands of the dying man to his successor as quietly as any crown was ever transferred from a royal father to his son. We attribute this result largely to the eloquent and earnest utterances of the departed President. He stood among his fellow legislators, long before he was invested with supreme authority, as the undeviating opponent of all agitation that would in any way interfere with the security and strength of the commonwealth. Calm, commanding, and self-controlled himself, he produced similar results in others. No rock ever resisted more grandly the wash of the waves, and the sweep of the storm, than did he the tempests of popular feeling. He was a tower of strength to his associates in official life, and in his calm and undisturbed judgment they reposed the utmost confidence.

At the Chicago Convention, when the members of that assembly, together with the immense audience present, were thrown into uncontrollable excitement by the thrilling utterances of party leaders, those lips, now closed forever, were opened to utter a brief but memorable speech, in which they spoke the sentiments of all good men and true, and taught that seething multitude that it was not in agitation and disturbance, but in the calm decisions of unbiassed and thoughtful men, that the nation's strength lay. He said:—

"MR. PRESIDENT,—I have witnessed the extraordinary scenes of this convention with deep solicitude. No emotion touches my heart more quickly than a sentiment in honour of a great and noble character. But as I sat on these seats and witnessed these demonstrations, it seemed to me you were a human ocean in a tempest. I have seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man. But I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed, and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when sunshine bathes its smooth surface, then the astronomer and surveyor takes the level from which he measures all terrestrial heights and depths. Gentlemen of the convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of the people.

"When our enthusiasm has passed, when the emotions of this hour have subsided, we shall find the calm level of public opinion, below the storm, from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which their final action will be determined. Not here, in this brilliant circle, where fifteen thousand men and women are assembled, is

the destiny of the Republic to be decreed; not here, where I see the enthusiastic faces of seven hundred and fifty-six delegates waiting to cast their votes into the urn, and determine the choice of their party: but by five million firesides, where the thoughtful fathers, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and love of country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future, and the knowledge of the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by—then God prepares the verdict that shall determine the wisdom of our work to-night. Not in Chicago, in the heat of June, but in the sober quiet that comes between now and November, in the silence of deliberate judgment, will this great question be settled. Let us aid them to-night."

In reviewing the life of this illustrious man, we see that it was not by a series of fortunate accidents; not by a few strokes of genius, that James A. Garfield reached his eminent position; but by incessant industry, inexhaustible energy, and unswerving integrity. His genius was the power of continued application and unresting toil. True greatness can never be reached in any other way. The mere accident of birth does not make one great; the greatness one may be born to is not the grandeur of character and life, but that of external circumstances only. The man whose death we lament, mastered every subject he attempted to deal with. As a mechanic, he did his work intelligently and well. As a student, he was characterized by thoroughness. As an educator, he had few equals. Every question he grappled with in the Legislature of his native State, and in the Congress of his country, he dealt with in such a manner as to show his familiarity with all its details. As a soldier, he rapidly became acquainted with the requirements of his position, maintained the efficiency of his command, laid his plans skilfully, and carried them into successful operation. As the supreme executive official of the nation, he gave such unmistakable indications of administrative ability, as to leave no candid observer in doubt, in relation to the success that awaited him. There can be no question that, had he been spared till the close of his presidential term, the just appreciation of the people would have appeared in his re-election. But God's ways are not as our ways. He was permitted to fall in the fullness of his fame, and the verdict of posterity will place him among the noblest of the race. He has fallen, an uncrowned king, from the seat to which he was lifted by the voice of the people, but he will remain forever enthroned in the hearts of the good and true.

The moral rank of the late President of the United States was higher than that of many good and great men. His integrity was unimpeachable. He was respected by the nation, because he respected himself, and kept himself free from stain. He was a stern and uncompromising opponent of fraud in all its forms. He strenuously opposed every measure which tended in any way to impair the credit of the Government, or weaken the faith of the people. Neither depreciation nor repudiation found any countenance from him. He believed it to be the duty of the nation, as well as the individual, to pay one hundred cents in the dollar. He was a warm friend of the slave, and an unswerving enemy of the system that held him in bondage. At home and abroad, in the army and in Congress, he spoke and acted in opposition to every measure which tended to perpetuate that "sum of all villainies." Some of his most thrilling utterances were directed against this terrible evil, which he had the satisfaction of seeing swept away. He was an earnest, active, and consistent advocate of the temperance cause; abstaining himself from the use of intoxicating liquors, and working ably for the abolition of personal intemperance, and the adoption of prohibitory measures of the most stringent character. On one occasion, when a brewery could not be closed in any other way, he purchased it, destroyed the manufactured liquor, and all the machinery exclusively used for that purpose, and turned the building to a new and better use. Underlying and producing all these excellences was deep and abiding Christian principle. He accepted Christianity as a divinely-revealed system of religion, believed in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners, and developed and taught the doctrines which regulated and controlled his conversation and conduct. Though we may not accept all the articles of his creed, and may not be in perfect accord with some of his interpretations of Scripture, we cannot fail to respect the testimony of a noble life.

We are sometimes told that religion is only the resource of the weak and foolish; that no men of sound judgment and extensive intellectual acquirements are found among the followers of Christ. It seems to be assumed by many modern writers that scientific accuracy and skepticism must go together. Such an assumption may serve the interests of unbelief, but it certainly is not verified by facts. It is strange that men, who profess to have no other

object than to find truth, should have wandered so far from the path that leads to the temple in which she presides. It is surprising that men who pride themselves upon the accuracy of their statements, should be so inaccurate in this respect. Who shall say that the claim of skepticism is correct when such a man as James A. Garfield, the classical scholar, the polished orator, the logical debater, and the far-seeing and subtle statesman, was found at the feet of Jesus. Nor was he alone. Milton sung of sacred mysteries, and worshipped while he sung. Newton stepped in stately majesty from star to star till he stood in adoring wonder before the God of the universe. It is but yesterday that Hugh Miller took us by a rocky pathway to the throne of the Creator, and traced in adamantine lines the purposes of His providence and grace. On our own continent, Dana, and in our own country, Dawson, take us down the steps of historic strata and show us where the Divine Architect "in the beginning laid the foundation of the earth"; while Joseph Cook drags unbelief from its dark and dreary hiding-place, and holds it up, a loathsome and hideous thing, to the derision of every enlightened mind, and the pity of every compassionate heart. By the testimony of some of the greatest men who have shed the lustre of genius upon the philosophy of nature, Newton and Herschell, Guizot and Pritchard, Brewster and Chalmers, the Bible has been shown to be in full harmony with the facts of science. The greatest minds do not hesitate to go further than this, to recognize the inferiority of material to spiritual things, and to admit that where science utterly fails to satisfy our wants and aspirations, where philosophy sheds but a faint and flickering ray, revelation shines with more than noonday splendour; that while the former disappoints our most momentous enquiries, and leaves an aching void in the human heart, the latter fulfils all our wishes, and satisfies all our hopes.

We have briefly glanced at a noble life. James A. Garfield has left to his family the splendid heritage of a good name; to the nation the magnificent legacy of an honourable public policy, inaugurated in the spirit of incorruptible fidelity to his exalted trust; to the world, the inspiring record of a struggle against poverty, prejudice, and corruption, in which he triumphed, though, like the martyred Lincoln, he fell in the moment of victory. Such men never die. They live in the thought and feeling of the world through all ages.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

The Inmost One.

How near to me, my God, Thou art !
Felt in the throbbing of my heart—
Nearer than my own self to me ;—
Nothing is real, without Thee !

Thy perfect light makes morning fair ;
Thou breathest Thy freshness through the air ;
Thou art the glory of the sun,
The soul of souls, Thou Inmost One !

With feverish restlessness and pain,
We strive to shut Thee out—in vain !
To darkened mind and rebel will
Thou art the only Dayspring still.

Eyes art Thou unto us, the blind ;
We turn to Thee, ourselves to find ;
We cannot open a door of prayer,
But thou art waiting entrance there.

O Saviour—Spirit ! more than near !
Through all my thoughts Thy voice I hear !
My whole life welcomes Thy control,
Immanuel ! God within my soul !

Thou fillest my being's hidden springs ;
Thou givest my wishes heavenward wings ;
I live Thy life, I breathe Thy breath,
And in Thy presence is no death !

Alone with Ourselves.

The machinery in a large factory was working badly, yet the superintendent could not tell what was the matter. He went from shaft to shaft, from wheel to wheel, from pinion to pinion. He consulted with the operatives in each department. He tightened screws, he shortened belts, he oiled bearings. But all in vain. At twelve o'clock he said to his men, "I am going to overhaul this machinery ; your wages will go on as usual, but you need not come back until I whistle for you." They went away. He stopped the engine, locked all the doors, and then, alone in the silence, began to examine every part of the factory. An hour has passed. It is time to begin work, a hundred men are idle and under pay, but no matter ; he must find out what

the trouble is, and stop it. He keeps the engine still and the doors fast until he has finished his examination. He finds a defect where he least expected it—where he might not have discovered it until it had proved fatal. One of the massive foundation stones had settled, and thrown everything out of plumb, and of course slightly out of gear. This defect was promptly remedied, and then all worked well again. Those were costly hours to the owner of the factory, and yet they were profitable. By being alone with the machinery, the superintendent saved it from rack and ruin.

Our hearts are like that factory. They are complicated; they are liable to get out of order. It is not easy to discover what is the matter, amid the hurry and bustle of life, with the steam up, and our fellow-men around us. We must go alone, enter our closets, and shut the door. There, in consecrated quietness, we must "think the matter over." We shall find, no doubt, a defect where we least expected it; a pressure of insidious temptation upon some corner-stone that we thought immovable. A sadly-neglected duty in our day is self-examination.—*Dr. Babb.*

Self-Sacrifice.

Self-sacrifice is at the root of the blossoms of goodness that have survived the wreck of paradise. There never was a heart but had gleams of it. Shining at times in some royal natures, diffusive as the light of day without clouds, there is yet no life so dark and clouded but it sends a golden shaft through some opening rift. To be great-hearted, for the love we bear to our Master, and in imitation of Him, is the ideal of Christianity, for it is the religion of Him whose life and death were self-sacrifice. If we are to follow, we must, like Him, bear a cross. It has been so from the beginning. Call the dead-roll of the world's worthies—its prophets, apostles, martyrs, and saints, the great teachers of mankind, the architects of our liberties, the heroes of civilization, the ministering angels who have blessed the poor, the sick, the dying, the helpless—has not the measure of their goodness been that of self-denial? They have suffered, that others might suffer less; they have died for the truth, that others might live; they have defended human rights by enduring unspeakable wrongs—the tears and blood. Love, like the fabled bird, pierces his own bosom to feed his loved ones. Is not heaven itself to be

reached through death? The blessed One entered not into His glory until He had been crucified. The leaders of mankind have had to tread a blackened and scorched path of suffering, and we enter into their labours without their sorrows. White robes of earthly saintship, like those of heaven, are only gained through much tribulation. Everything good costs self-denial.—*J. D. Geikie.*

NOBILITY OF LIFE.

Bear in mind that whatever the work is you have to do that work is given you by God. Are you a shopman? Well, behind your counter sell your goods, and do your work as if it were God's work. Are you a lawyer? Well, work on in love to the great Lawgiver, defend the right and defeat the wrong, remembering that your calling is divine. Are you a labourer, a ploughman, a weaver? Well, steadily use your shovel, merrily drive your horses to the field, cheerily make your shuttle fly till the pattern stands out before you in the web, remembering that you are engaged in a heaven-appointed task. You have a Master in heaven. If it were so, would not all trickery disappear from trade, all quirks and quibbles from the law, all eye-service, all unfaithfulness, all discontent, from the ranks of the labouring population. Depend upon it, we in general take too low a view of our calling. We look upon our labour as merely drudgery. Well, it may be so, but it is a divine drudgery. While we work we are doing good; and everything that is good is God-like. Such a conception as this ennobles the meanest toil, and raises the poorest mechanic, the humblest tiller of the soil, into a servant of Almighty God.—*The Rev. John Cunningham, D.D.*

—It is fabled of the statue of Memnon, so famous in days of old, that it spake not except when the sun arose. So the human soul, that statue made in the image and in the likeness of God, is voiceless until the day-spring from on high purples the east, and the bright morning star appears; and then it bursts into musical greetings, and, catching the inspiration of other divine worlds, takes up the jubilate of the eternities.—*George Dana Boardman.*

—Christians are like the several flowers in a garden, that have each of them the dew of heaven, which, being shaken with the wind, they let fall at each other's roots, whereby they are jointly nourished, and become nourishers of each other.—*Bunyan.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Two Beautiful Charities.

One of the most striking forms of modern philanthropy is its care for Christ's little ones. This is conspicuously seen in the founding of children's hospitals and orphanages, and in the great Sunday-School movement, and in the kindergarten and improved day-schools. Another beautiful example is described in a late number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. During the centennial summer, a Congregational minister, the Rev. Willard Parsons, was driving over the hills of Wayne county, in Pennsylvania. The beauty of the scene so affected him, that there came upon him a longing that the poor and sick children of great cities might also see and enjoy it. That night he spoke of it at his church, but the scheme was thought visionary, or the season too late. But the thought haunted him, and next June he preached from the text, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." One man said he would take four children, another would take a mother and baby, and homes were found for nine in all. Mr. Parsons went to New York, and through a city missionary soon found nine consumptive or crippled children. The experiment was a success. The joy of doing good opened new homes, and in a second trip seventeen boys and girls were brought to the country. During the summer sixty children were brought 200 miles or more from New York, for from two weeks to two months. Many of them were pitiable objects, one a boy of ten no larger than a babe of four, another a boy of eleven, working ten hours a day for less than a dollar a week. The Erie Railway carried them for quarter fare, and the whole cost was only $187 62. But what were sixty children among the thousands of little waifs of New York!

In the spring of 1878, the New York *Evening Post* offered to receive contributions to extend the work, and $2,980 were donated. Mr. Parsons took 1,076 children to the country and brought them back. During 1879, the number of children carried to the country was 2,064, at a cost of $6.511. In 1880 money came in so freely, that several times it was announced that no more could be used. The number carried was 3,140, and the cost $8,504. Thus by the efforts of one large-hearted man, in four years 6,340 poor city children have enjoyed summer vacations in the country, travelling an average distance of 364 miles, or a total of 593 760 miles at a cost of $18,082, being $2.85 for each child.

But these statistics give no conception of the good accomplished. In many cases lives were saved from disease, and children adopted into country homes. The squalor and misery of these little waifs was most distressing. Their grimy skins often defied soap and scrubbing-brush, and the dirt had to be "planed off," as some one said. Clad in rags and wretchedness, they were taken to clean country homes, and clothed with clean comfortable suits. "I am not afraid of dirt," said a tall, lanky Scotchman, and he claimed for his share, two half-naked, shoeless, hatless, grimy little cubs. When he brought them back, clean and clothed, the tears ran down his cheeks as he kissed them good-bye, and the boys cried as if their hearts would break. Their drunken parents were so touched by this practical Christianity that they reformed their lives and are to-day consistent members of a mission chapel. One little fellow was waked for early breakfast and asked how he liked it. "First rate, he said, but he thought it a little early in the day" At noon he was amazed to see another meal prepared. He had never before eaten but one a day. At supper his astonishment was still greater, but

he was equal to the occasion; and as he fell asleep he said, "If they sets that table again in the night, wake me up."

Many of the incidents were very amusing, often with that humour which is akin to tears. Many of the little rogues magnified their importance, by stories of the splendour of their city homes. One boasted that his father kept a horse and lived in a very big fine house. He was a carter, in a crowded tenement house. The care of receiving, labelling, distributing, and returning so many parcels of animated baggage, demanded the utmost energy, industry, and tact.

The crowded wretchedness in which these children dwell is inconceivable, unless personally witnessed. Not even in the swarming streets of Rome or Naples have we seen greater squalor and misery, than in the tenement streets of New York. One sultry Sunday night this summer, we traversed a wretched region, ablaze with taverns and alive with dishevelled creatures, seeking outside of their suffocating houses the fresh air they could not find within —only to find it reeking with vile smells. And high over head flamed on the spire of a neighbouring mission church an illuminated cross, shining like a star over miles of misery. It was at once, we thought, a presage of the triumph of the cross over the vice and ignorance beneath, and a star of promise guiding where the young Child lay. Thank God for the loving hearts of the men like Willard Parsons, who conceive and carry out the Childrens' Missions and other beautiful charities which relieve the wretchedness of thousands and glorify our common humanity!

No less beautiful a form of charity is that of care for the aged and infirm. We had an illustration of this in a recent visit to the Toronto Home for Incurables, in company with the Rev. Dr. Potts, President of the Board. It was a surprise to find so large and handsome a building, such spacious grounds, such comfortable accommodation for the inmates. Some $24,000 have been contributed to the building fund, beside the annual maintenance of the institution. It depends for support almost entirely upon the free-will offerings of the public—less than $1,000 being contributed by the City and Provincial Government. The persons for whom provision is made are the most helpless class of the community—those who are incurable, afflicted with chronic disease, and who have no other home. Most of the inmates are old and infirm, and some suffer greatly from such afflictions as acute and inflammatory rheumatism. Every effort is made to mitigate their sufferings and to brighten and beautify their lives. The rooms are light and airy, and scrupulously clean, and a family-like feeling seems to be cultivated, which makes this refuge indeed a *home*. Kind ladies contribute thoughtful gifts of flowers, pictures, and little embellishments, which cheer the solitude and beguile the weariness of the human waifs, who, after long tossing on life's stormy sea, have drifted into this quiet haven of rest. And above all their spiritual interests are not neglected, but every effort is used to prepare them for the better home on high. It was very beautiful to witness the eagerness with which those poor sick folk greeted Dr. Potts, not merely as the chief officer of the board, but as a trusted friend. And for each he had a word of cheer, of encouragement, of consolation, or of admonition. Although the tax of these duties upon his time and strength is considerable, we believe he finds in this service for Christ's suffering poor an abundant reward.

Canada at the Œcumenical.

Through the courtesy of the committee of arrangements, our own Church had assigned to it a share in the proceedings, quite beyond its proportion to the size and number of delegates of the larger Churches. And we have every reason to be more than satisfied with the manner in which our delegates performed their tasks. The eloquent response of Dr. Douglas to the address of welcome which

has already appeared in the *Guardian*, was one of great eloquence and beauty. The Doctor also presided with his usual dignity and grace at one of the sessions of the Conference. The Rev. Dr. Pope, of the New Brunswick Conference, also had the honour of presiding over this august assembly. Dr. Allison, of the Nova Scotia Conference, read an admirable and scholarly paper on "Methodism, a bond of union among the nations." The Rev. Dr. Ryckman's paper on "Methodism and Roman Catholicism," also attracted much commendation.

Mr. Macdonald's paper on "Certain Aspects of Christian Philanthropy," speaks for itself in another part of this magazine. In his address on "The Relation of Methodism to the Temperance Movement," and at the Temperance meeting at the Great Queen Street Chapel, Dr. Sutherland gave our English friends, as one reporter puts it, "some nuts to crack." Dr. Dewart, although unable from the state of his health to take an active part in the proceedings of the Conference, nevertheless spoke with efficiency on the evils resulting from the divisions of Methodism in mission fields and in the rural districts of Canada. Probably others, also, of our Canadian delegates may have taken a part in the proceedings which we cannot at present call to mind. Decidedly the most racy and graphic letters from the Conference, with pen sketches of its leading members, which we have read, were those by the Rev. S. J. Hunter, which have appeared in the Toronto *Globe*. The communication of Dr. Williams in the *Guardian*, and the letters of the Rev. A. W. Nicolson in the *Wesleyan*, though much more brief, have also been exceedingly readable. We have, on the whole, reason to be proud of the record of our Church at the Œcumenical.

Œcumenical Notes.

Methodist Work in Canada—At a public meeting held in Exeter Hall, in connection with the late Œcumenical Conference, Mr. John Macdonald represented Methodism in the Dominion of Canada. He claimed that Methodism had done more for Canada than its Council or its Government. The sons of the men originally influenced by the Methodist missionaries were now occupying the principal stations in the country, and had largely moulded its destinies. He need not remind the meeting that British Methodism had sent them one whom they delighted to honour. Whenever his name was announced, no building, however large, was sufficient to hold those who flocked to hear him. Dr. Punshon had left behind him the evidences of his devotion to the cause to which he devoted himself, and among other matters their Metropolitan Church, which was largely due to his own inception, and which stood in a large and beautiful square, larger than that on which St. Paul's Cathedral stood, and was, he believed, the grandest of the Church properties of Methodism throughout the world. Thanks to the influence of the Methodist missionaries, the land of the various tribes had been transferred to the central Government without the shedding of so much as one drop of blood. Evans, and Rundall, and McDougall told them that they would be treated kindly and properly, and not because of the Government, but through the influence of the missionaries, did this peaceable transfer take place. He claimed that in the whole range of missions there was no more significant fact than that. He had claimed this credit for the Methodist missionaries in the Canadian House of Parliament. What was the position of Methodism in Canada to-day? Thank! God all the other bodies were doing a blessed work, but side by side with them Methodism held its own in position, in ability, and in substantial wealth. The people of Canada were true to old Methodism. They met in class, and they were in every sense of the word true to all the interests of the Methodist Church. Let his hearers come and see them. When they did so he would invite them to their

Metropolitan Church in the City of Toronto, where they would find a congregation larger even than could be put into that building.

"*No Kindly Message from the Church of England.*"—*The Eastern Morning News* says :—"What the Church of England has lost in Dean Stanley has not been more painfully illustrated than in the absence of any greeting from the Anglican body to the Œcumenical Methodist Conference. Here is the body which, of all others, is nearest the Church of England. Its founder was a Churchman. To a large extent it uses the services of the Church. Its contribution to the religious life of the nation is acknowledged almost universally. The Arbhbishop of Canterbury has just formally adopted its most particular method of working by laymen. Only lately two of our Bishops gave greetings to the Wesleyan Conference. But there was no voice representing the Church of England to say one word of welcome to the men of all hues and many nationalities now gathered together in London, when the deputations from other bodies were received. The Pan-Presbyterian Council of Philadelphia had a kind word for the Œcumenical Conference. The Presbyterians of England, by the voice of Dr. Morison, proclaimed their belief that the Methodists were doing Divine work. The Congregationalists were there. Several Baptist ministers spoke of unity. Even the Moravians came forward to bid the Methodists Godspeed. But no member of the Church of England was present; no voice was raised to say that the Church out of which Methodism sprang looked kindly on her daughter. It is a thousand pities—we had almost written a thousand shames; and the thrilling voice of the great man so lately laid to rest in Westminster Abbey seems to rise in protest against it. For the sake of the Conference, for the sake of the Methodists, but most of all for the sake of the Church of England, it is a lasting regret that no kindly message has gone from Lambeth, Fulham, or St. Paul's, to the 'occasional conformists' who have for the week been meeting in London."

The Close of the Conference.—The closing hour of the Conference was spent in prayer. For many days the delegates had been speaking to one another. Now they spoke to God.

There was much to pray about. A deep shadow had fallen on the Conference in the morning when the delegates met to see the assembly-room in mourning. A member of the body had died a day or two before; and now the telegraph had flashed across the Atlantic the sad news of the death of President Garfield. Widows and fatherless children and a sorrowing nation had to be remembered before the throne of grace, and the prayers offered up for them were mingled with sighs and tears. The responsibilities of the Church had been shown during the sessions to be great and growing, and the need of divine help was deeply felt by those who led the devotions on behalf of the brethren. Extended and expanded views of the work committed by God to the Methodist Churches led the devout to implore the baptism of the Holy Ghost upon all those who have to take part in that work. And the praying was of the old-fashioned kind. Men pleaded with God. They all went to God in the manner with which Methodism everywhere makes men familiar. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth spoke. A bishop and a layman, an American and an Englishman, a white man and a black one, alike seemed to have learned in the class-meeting how to speak, how to draw near to God with reverent boldness. We doubt if a more impressive prayer-meeting was ever held in the City Road Chapel. We should think that every devout spirit present at it must retain the savour of it for many a day. The closing hour of the Conference was a memorable hour, and furnished the last required proof of the unity of Methodism. Methodists are one in prayer.—*London Methodist.*

A Common Hymn-Book.—Mr. John Macdonald, of Toronto, moved a resolution bearing upon a matter that has long received his attention, namely :—

Resolved,—That the spirit of brotherly love which has been manifested throughout the various meetings of this Œcumenical Council is evidence of the feelings of unity among all branches of the Catholic family, and with a view of strengthening this bond, and drawing it still more closely together, this Conference is of the opinion that the adoption by the Methodist Church throughout the world of a common hymn-book would greatly tend to secure this most desirable end, and that this resolution be referred to the Business Committee, to report upon the best method of bringing it about, in having it submitted to the various Churches, and have reference to the time needed for the disposal of hymn-books specially in those Churches which have but recently adopted revised hymnals."

No positive action was taken on this resolution, inasmuch as the British American and Canadian Churches have quite recently, at great expense, issued new hymn-books.

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1882.

Our arrangements for 1882 are not yet complete, but we can confidently announce that this MAGAZINE will be more deserving of the patronage of its readers than ever before. The following is a partial enumeration of its leading features :

The serial story for the year will be entitled "LIFE IN A PARSONAGE; OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ITINERANCY"—a story of Canadian life, by the Editor. This story, although complete in itself, is a sequel to "THE KING'S MESSENGER," which has been received with such favour in Canada, and has been republished in England. It will record the further fortunes of some of the leading characters in that story, and will give, it is believed, a faithful portraiture of some of the varied phases of Canadian social life.

The series of biographical sketches by the Editor will be entitled, MISSIONARY HEROES, and will embrace such representative characters as Felix Neff, John Calvert, Henry Martyn, William Carey, John Hunt, Dr. Morrison, Robert Moffat, John Williams, Emily Judson, Bishop Patteson, Dr. Duff, and other heroic missionaries and martyrs.

A series of sketches of travel, entitled, "LOITERINGS IN EUROPE," by the Rev. C. S. Eby, B.A., Missionary of the Methodist Church of Canada in Japan, will embrace such attractive subjects as "Rambles among the Hartz Mountains," "Student Life in Germany," "In Rhineland," "Lights and Memories of Bohemia," "Alpine Pictures," and "Switzerland." These papers are written in Mr. Eby's graphic and racy style, and several of them will be handsomely illustrated.

Among the other illustrated articles will be papers on Fine Art, with engravings from some of the most elegant art volumes ever published in America. Further papers on "PICTURESQUE CANADA," "THE LAND OF NILE," "ITALIAN PICTURES," and other subjects to be hereafter announced, all handsomely illustrated. Dr. Carroll will give a series of sketches of PIONEER MISSIONARIES, including James Evans, Robert Rundle, Wm. Ryerson, and Henry Wilkinson.

In consequence of the illness of a senior officer of the U. S. Navy Department at Washington, we have been disappointed in receiving a set of fine engravings, illustrating the voyage and wreck of the Arctic exploring ship *Polaris*, and the wonderful adventures of its crew, as they drifted for 1,600 miles on the ice. We hope, however, to present in the coming volume this fine series. As heretofore, important papers by valued contributors will be presented, including biographical sketches of the late Judge Wilmot, Robert Wilkes, Esq., and Dr. Punshon, which, through causes beyond the Editor's control, have been delayed.

A Canadian lady will give a graphic account of her shipwreck, which was attended with sad loss of

life, on Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia.

The departments of Current Topics, Religious Intelligence, and Book Notices, will receive careful attention. In the last department an endeavour is made to give not merely an opinion of the books reviewed, but also some definite idea of their contents.

Some of the most valuable papers read at the Œcumenical Conference will also be presented.

CLUBBING ARRANGEMENTS.

In answer to several enquiries, we would say that the clubbing arrangements whereby either *Harper's* or *Scribner's Magazine* can be offered with the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE for $3, instead of $4, the regular price, will be continued for the coming year. The price of the METHODIST MAGAZINE is $2 a year; MAGAZINE and GUARDIAN, $3.50; MAGAZINE and *Harper's*, or *Scribner's*, $5: MAGAZINE and GUARDIAN, and *Harper's* or *Scribner's*, $6.50—full price, $8.

The New York INDEPENDENT, a a large thirty-two page weekly, will be clubbed with the METHODIST MAGAZINE for $2 to ministers, instead of $3, the regular price; at $2.50 to others.

WIDE AWAKE, a young folks' magazine, of eighty large pages per month, handsomely illustrated, price $2 50 a year, will be clubbed with the METHODIST MAGAZINE for $1.50, in addition to the regular price. Specimens free. This Magazine has been adopted by the Methodist Book Concern, New York, as the organ of Dr. Vincent's new Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

MEETING OF THE CENTRAL MISSIONARY BOARD.

At the time of writing these notes this important body is in session in this city. On Sunday the 23rd, sermons in behalf of the Society were preached in all our churches of the city. Those in the Metropolitan Church by Dr. Nelles and Dr. Rice. On Monday evening the annual sermon of the Society was preached by the Rev. Dr. Douglas, in the same place. For an hour and twenty minutes he held the attention of the audience by a most eloquent exposition of the prophetic revelation of the future triumph of the Gospel. On Tuesday evening the Anniversary meeting was held. The Hon. J. C. Aikins occupied the chair. The Treasurer's report, read by Mr. Jno. Macdonald, was very encouraging. It showed that the whole income for the past year was $134,842.82, an increase of $8,510 over the Canadian income of the previous year. The total expenditure amounted to $133,329, being an increase of $2,294. The expenditure, including amount carried to Investment Fund, is $235 in excess of income. The Secretary's report read by Dr. Sutherland, showed very gratifying results in every department of the Society's operations. Admirable addresses, were also given by the Revs. A. Langford, London Conference, E. A. Telfer, British Conference, Robt. Duncan, New Brunswick Conference, and John F. German, late of Manitoba.

On Wednesday morning a Missionary Breakfast was given in the Lecture Room of the Metropolitan Church. A large number of ministers, in addition to the members of the Board, were present. The occasion was also graced by the atten-

dence of a large number of ladies. After an elegantly-served repast, a most interesting series of brief addresses was given, Mr. Jas. Paterson occupying the chair. The Rev. C. Ladnor gave a graphic account of the triumphs of Methodism in the Island of Newfoundland. In the absence of the Rev. Thomas Crosby, of Fort Simpson, a most interesting letter from Mrs. Crosby, describing Mission work at that station and especially the home for Indian girls was read. Dr. Rice spoke on behalf of the Missions of Manitoba and the great North-West, paying a glowing tribute to our great inheritance in that country and to the heroism of the Missionaries' wives. Dr. Douglas described the mission of Methodism in Quebec, in opposition to the most strongly entrenched system of Romanism on the face of the earth. The Rev. L. N. Beaudry, himself a converted French Roman Catholic, reported the gratifying progress of Protestant evangelization among his fellow-countrymen. The Rev. Geo. Cochran made an eloquent plea for the vigorous sustentation of the Japan Mission. The venerable Senator Ferrier, the Rev. Mr. Telfer, and Mr. John Macdonald also gave admirable addresses. The tone of the meeting was most inspiring and could not fail to infuse still greater energy into the Missionary work of the Church.

Most important business came before the Central Board, an abstract of which we will endeavour to present in our next issue.

Church Work.

The First French Church in Montreal has been renovated and greatly improved. The re-opening services produced $200. The French Institute has also been enlarged and improved and efforts are being made, which deserve to succeed, to secure a permanent Sustentation Fund for the Institute. Other denominations find it necessary in order to prosecute their Mission work among the French to depend largely upon the Educational agency, towards the support of the Institute at Point-aux-Trembles. Methodists in Ontario and elsewhere contributed largely in past years and it is hoped that they will now act munificently towards their own Institute.

The Building Fund of the Wesleyan Theological College has now a subscription of $25,000, but $30,000 must be secured before the College erection can be commenced. Who will help? Write to Professor Shaw, Montreal.

A Camp-meeting site has been secured for a term of years, near the City of Kingston.

Mount Allison College has received $1,000 from the executors of the late Mrs. S. N. Binney, being ths amount of that lady's bequest to the Endowment Fund.

A True Hero.

Mr. James Lumsden, a young Scotchman, recently came out from England to enter the Missionary work in our Newfoundland Conference. The schooner in which he sailed from St. John's, was lost near Random Head, Trinity Bay. Our brother had not time to save a pair of boots. He lost a good supply of clothing and a valuable library; but nothing disheartened, when he reached his Mission, on Sabbath morning, he said; "Lend me a coat and boots, and I'll preach to you."

British Columbia.

Rev. B. Chappell who went to this Mission-field last year writes a cheery letter from Nicola Valley, to the *Wesleyan*. His Mission is extensive, one brother is 350 miles north, and another 200 miles south. There are 4,000 Chinese among his parishioners. There are also many Indians whose language he is learning that he may the better instruct them respecting "the Great Spirit." He relates some interesting interviews which he has had with some of the Chinese, and writes very kindly of several of the white people who are mostly farmers, though formerly miners. The demon rum rages extensively. The Missionary found an old man who was "the first that struck the Cariboo claim," and was once worth more gold than he could

pack, and now he does not own one dollar, but works on the roads for a living. What wrecks of humanity have been produced by liquor !

ITEMS.

We omitted to state in our last issue that the Oka Indians held a Thanksgiving Service in token of their gratitude to God for enabling them to pass safely through their four years' persecution when they were charged with setting fire to the Roman Catholic Church at Oka. A number of the Oka Indians have removed to a tract of country which has been purchased for them in Muskoka.

The Seminary of Montreal have persecuted the Oka Indians for years, and have at last succeeded in getting rid of a considerable number of them, and are actually erecting a convent on their land for the Trappists, who have been expelled from France. Strange that there should be such a power behind the throne, which seems to hold in subjection which ever political party may be in power.

A package of money was found among the private possessions of the late Dr. Alexander McCarrel. It had on it a label, and on this was written, "The Lord's money." It amounted to eighteen dollars, and was forwarded by his son, the Rev. W. A. McCarrel, to the Foreign Board of Missions. Although the departed minister had lived through all his ministry on a small salary, it was his fixed habit to devote one-tenth of his income to religious purposes.

A wealthy heathen in Burmah, seeing the difference between those towns where missionaries labour and others, offered to support a missionary if one should be sent to Toungon.

BOOK NOTICES.

History of Ancient, Early Christian and Mediæval Painting. By DRS. ALFRED WOLTMANN, and KARL WOERMANN. Edited by SIDNEY COLVIN, M.A.; 4to, pp. 505, price $7 50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This magnificient work is unquestionably the best history of painting that has yet been written. It exhibits that thoroughness of research, that philosophical insight and historical accuracy for which German critics are so justly celebrated. Its distinguished authors were eminently qualified for their task. Dr. Woltmann was the Professor at the University of Strassburg; Dr. Woermann, at the Royal Academy of Arts, Dusseldorf; and Mr. Colvin of Fine Art, at the University of Cambridge. The translation is so well done that it reads like an original English work, but for an occasional happy Germanism of expression. It is sumptuously illustrated by 136 engravings, many of them full page.

It treats first of the art of Egypt and Assyria, of its want of perspective, its hieratic character and use of symbolism. It then treats of the art of Greece and Rome and Etruria, as illustrated in vases, mosaics, and mural paintings. The chief interest, however, centres in the treatment of early Christian and Mediæval paintings. The art of the Catacombs is fully discussed. Its cheerfulness of spirit and purity of motive, as contrasted with the sensuous character of classic art, are duly noted. The influence of mosaic as inducing stiffness, monotony, and severity of design is also shown. It is a curious fact that the Irish monks were among the best illuminators, as they were among the ablest scholars of the Middle Ages, the isolation of that country permitting art and

learning to develop there unaffected by the cataclysms of the rest of Europe.

The history of Byzantine painting, as reflecting the religious character of the Eastern Church is very interesting and instructive. Notwithstanding its classical traditions, it petrified into a stiff and lifeless thing, the embodiment of ascetic formalism, and degenerated into the servile and mechanical religious art of modern Russia. In the glories of St. Mark's, at Venice, however, it seemed vitalized by Western thought and attained its perfect flower. Byzantine influence is also felt in the sublime and austere mosaics of Ravenna, Florence, Rome, Pisa, and Milan.

Not from Italy, but from the Romanesque art of Germany, under the patronage of the Church, sprang the revived mediæval painting. France, England, Flanders, and Italy followed; but the grandest development of Gothic painting—the

"Storied windows richly dight,"

of the great cathedrals of Cisalpine Europe, were unequalled beyond the Alps. Those of Milan Cathedral alone approach them. Art has now passed from the hands of priests into that of guilds and civic fraternities. It was freed from many ecclesiastical trammels, though still chiefly religious. It exhibited new energy and life, more human sympathy and emotion. It introduced for archaic stiffness, graceful flowing forms, swaying movements, and tenderness of sentiment. It reflects the chivalric ideas of the age, and also its scholastic subtilty and ingenuity. A sense of humour is also evinced with the introduction of jest and caricature.

In Italy, about 1250, came the dawn of that revival of art which was soon to brighten into a glorious day. Under the emancipated life of the civic republics, and the patronage of ducal and republican courts, it developed an unprecedented splendour. If the Italian churches had not great window spaces to be adorned, they had vast wall spaces to cover with mural paintings. These were soon enriched with the famous, but now fading frescoes of Cimabue, Duccio, Giotto, and their pupils. Huge Biblical and allegorical paintings taxed the skill of the artist to create and of the beholder to comprehend. The marvellous frescoes of the Campo Santo, of Pisa, the most striking art relic of the age, are admirably illustrated and described. The reading of this book has been a most delightful literary and art treat, and we shall welcome with pleasure the succeeding volume containing the history of painting in its great age—the age of the *Renaissance.*

To one statement of this volume we feel bound to take exception. On page 156 the author says, "Mary appears in the Catacomb pictures as a Roman matron, generally praying with uplifted hands."—(*Orante.*) We have given reasons in our work on the catacombs (pp. 308 310,) for disputing this opinion. These paintings are doubtless representations of the deceased in the same manner as the pictures of vine-dressers, and handicraftsmen on other tombs, and like modern sepulchral effigies.

Even Dr. Northcote, a Roman Catholic authority, although he now claims them as Madonnas, at one time admitted this explanation. "We can scarcely err," he says, "in supposing them to be the persons, who were buried in these chambers." There are also male *Oranti*, whose existence he ignores. Our Roman Catholic friends endeavour to read into this early art ideas of which was utterly unconscious.

The Flower of the Grass Market; or, Sought and Saved. By the author of "Tim's Troubles." Pp. 336. London: Hodder & Stoughton, with five full-page illustrations. Price $1.50.

This is a story of the old historic Grass Market of Edinburgh, where, in the words of the author, "there seem even yet to linger echoes of the noble words that were spoken for God, when martyr spirits, tortured in the fires there kindled, gave glorious witness for the truth ere

they left time for eternity." But it is not a story of the past but of to-day—of the sufferings of the poor, herded like cattle in the noisome wynds and closes of Edinburgh, of ragged schools and mission work in a crowded manufacturing town, with episodes of foreign missionary adventure, and with the record of virtue tried and triumphant, and of temptation resisted and overcome. A great variety of characters come before us, in whose varied fortunes we become deeply interested. The spirit of the book is profoundly religious and thoroughly evangelical. The labours of Methodism for the poor receive due recognition.

The author of this charming book is the well-known Mrs. H. B. Paull, author of "Tim's Troubles," a book which has had a very large sale. The names of the publishers are a guarantee for the excellence of "get up" and general character of the book. During Mr. Stoughton's recent visit to Canada, the Book-Steward of our publishing house made arrangements to purchase a set of stereotype plates and manufacture a Canadian edition—the *fac-simile* of the English one, which sells for $1.50 a copy—to offer as a premium to each and every sub-subscriber, old or new, to the *Guardian* for the nominal sum of *thirty* cents, a considerable part of which is required to pay the postage. For that amount the book will be sent post free to any subscriber to the *Guardian* for 1882.

Paul Meggitt's Delusion. By the Rev. J. JACKSON WRAY, author of "Nestleton Magna," "Matthew Mellowdew," etc. Five full-page engravings; pp. *circ.* 300. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, London, Paris, and New York. Price $1.20.

The Rev. J. Jackson Wray needs no introduction to the readers of this MAGAZINE or of the *Christian Guardian.* Few books have ever been so popular in Canada as those above mentioned, of which about 10,000 copies were distributed as premiums for these periodicals for the current year. In the book now offered as a premium for the MAGAZINE for 1882, Mr. Wray appears under a new aspect. In his previous books the genial and witty humourist is the most prominent character. In this book there are passages of deep and touching, and almost tragic pathos, that we know not where to find surpassed.

Paul Meggtit was a prominent civil engineer and railway builder—fond of his horse and hounds and gay society. He was converted to God through the dying words of "Old Thol," a pious Methodist "ganger," or foreman of navvies, who was killed by a landslip on a railway. Paul joined the despised Methodists, and deeply offended all his fine friends and his fashionable wife. The latter, especially, was so incensed that she forsook her husband and child and returned to her father's house, to return only to the bedside of her dying daughter:—

"Paul," she said, trembling with a nameless fear, "Paul, how is Gertie?"

He lifted his haggard features, so changed that she started at the sight, and said:

"Dying, O God! and with no mother near."

"Oh Paul, Paul," she murmured, through hot and parched lips, "I have lost you and my child forever."

Callous must be the soul that can read unmoved the story of the reconciliation of the estranged husband and wife over the body of their dead child. The wife, through the Christian influence of her husband, becomes a Methodist. They have together many sorrows and many joys, and even their fashionable friends admit that "Paul Meggitt's Delusion" is no delusion after all. In the story, the horrors of the drink system of England are strikingly shown, and thrilling episodes of the rescue of the perishing are recorded. Several minor sketches make up the volume. This book, which sells for $1.20, will be sent as a premium, post-paid, to any old or new subscriber to the METHODIST MAGAZINE for 30 cents.

Gates into the Psalm Country. By MARVIN R. VINCENT, D.D. London: Jas. Nisbet & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 315. Price $1.00.

The book of Psalms furnishes an exhaustless fountain of spiritual refreshing. Millions have drank at their life-giving streams, and millions more shall find solace at this perennial fount. The books written on the Psalms would form a large library of themselves. And here is another addition to the goodly number. What we like least about this book is its fantastic title and the titles of the chapters. The Orchard Gate and the Gate of the Threshing Floor, are, for instance, the titles of the expositions of the two sections of the first Psalm. The chapters themselves are instructing and edifying, evidently the outcome of careful study and devout meditation. They will unfold a new wrealth of meaning in these grandest poems ever penned by hand of man.

Hours with the Bible; or, the Scriptures in the Light of Modern Discovery and Knowledge. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. Vol. I. From the Creation to the Patriarchs, pp. 509. New York: James Pott. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1 75.

The accomplished author of "The Life and Words of Christ," has again laid Bible students under great obligation, by a work which he says, "involves almost more labour" than that *opus magnum.* His purpose, is he adds, "to supply a peoples' hand-book to the Bible, not a dry series of papers, but a pleasant attractive illumination of its pages, by the varied lights of modern research and discovery." In this purpose we consider that he has been eminently successful. From his wide range of reading he has gathered a vast amount of illustrative material which throws much light on some of the most important and difficult problems of Biblical interpretation. The book is not a textual commentary, but rather a series of chapters on such subjects as the Creation, the Bible and Modern Science, the Age of the World, the Antiquity and Origin of Man, the Story of Eden, the Flood, the Dispersion, Early Migrations, Beginnings of the Hebrew Nation, etc. Like Professor Rawlinson, Dr. Geikie stoutly withstands the pseudo-scientific theory of the immense antiquity and savage origin of man. He places within the reach of ordinary readers the result of the last Biblical and scientific research and discovery. For teachers, preachers, and thoughtful Bible students the book will be very valuable. A number of wood cuts, mostly of ancient monuments, and bas-reliefs still further illustrate the subjects treated. The plan of the book is something like Kitto's, but the scholarship and grace of style are far superior, and in many respects Kitto is now quite out of date.

Death of President Garfield; a Sermon. By REV. WM. WILLIAMS. Published by request.

No man who ever lived has had so many mourners at his death, or has had such heartfelt tributes paid to his memory as the late President of the United States. This is a grand recognition of the value of character—that three hundred millions of people and the proudest monarchs of Europe should conspire to pay honour, not merely to the ruler of a great nation, but to an honest Christian statesman, cradled in poverty, nurtured by rugged industry, and reaching the high position he attained through sterling integrity of life.

One of the most admirable tributes to this noble life, is the above mentioned sermon, preached in the Norfolk Street Methodist Church, Guelph, by the Rev. Wm. Willliams. It traces the Providential guidance of his life, and educes the practical lessons it teaches. The discourse was calculated to be of benefit, especially to every young man who heard it, and we trust that in its present form it will be of service to a much greater number. In another part of this Magazine will be found

an article from the pen of Mr. Williams, on the life and character of the late President Garfield.

Song Sermons. By PHILIP PHILLIPS. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is a work on an original plan devised by Mr. Phillips, in which Bible readings are combined with hymns and music, selected with special reference to each other, so as mutually to illustrate and render impressive every part of the service. This volume contains twelve Song Sermons. The reading and music bear upon the same theme. The tunes are all composed by Mr. Phillips, and comprise the most popular of those included in the Moody and Sankey collection, with many not published elsewhere.

Ordination Charge. Delivered by the Rev. E. EVANS, at Moncton, N.B., June 27th, 1881. Halifax: Conference Office.

This able discourse may be called, in the patristic sense of the word, an apology, or defence of Methodism. It it sets forth its scriptural character, and its providential development, and its sublime mission. It abounds in wise counsels and admonitions to the young men ordained, and its thoughtful utterances may well be pondered by our friends, lay as well as clerical, throughout the connexion. It is well printed at the *Wesleyan* office.

It is gratifying to notice that Canadian literature is receiving due recognition abroad. One of the latest instances of this is the favourable notices by the English press of Mrs. Lauder's "Legends and Tales of the Hartz Mountains." These tales though written in Germany, and the result of a somewhat protracted residence in the Hartz region, are the work of an accomplished Canadian lady, the wife of Mr. A. W. Lauder of this city, The book is published by the high-class London house of Hodder & Stoughton, and is dedicated, by permission, to the reigning Queen of Italy. It is thus noticed in the last number of the *British Quarterly Review:* "The Hartz Mountains are the very home of weird legends and fairy fancies. The author has collected some seventy or eighty of them, and has translated them in a very bright and pleasant way. It is an addition to our stories of folk lore, which will have attractions for both old and young."

We have also received a copy of of the Presidential address of Dr. Canniff, delivered before the Canada Medical Association in Halifax, N.S., on August 3rd, 1881. It is an admirable paper, written with the doctor's well-known good taste and literary ability. We all of us, in our hours of sorest need, are laid under obligation to a profession which is second to none in self-sacrifice and helpfulness; and the sections on the duties of physicians to their patients, and the obligations of patients to their physicians; the duties of physicians to each other, and to the profession at large; and the duties of the profession to the public, and the obligations of the public to the profession, as here discussed, are of interest to us all.

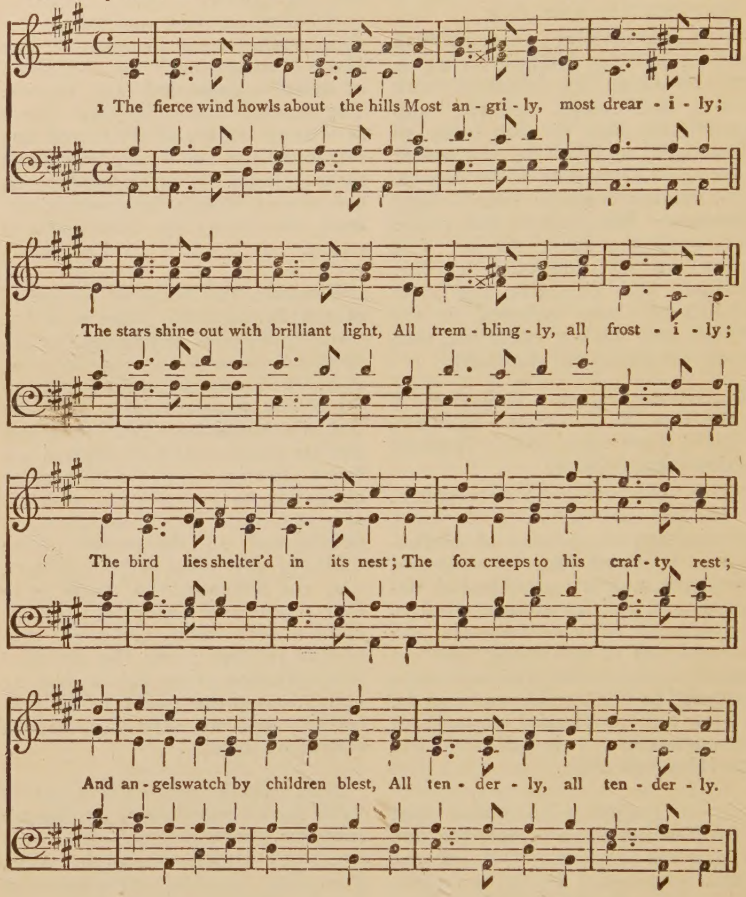
The Fourth and Fifth parts of "*The Last Forty Years; or, Canada since the Union of* 1841." By JOHN CHARLES DENT. (George Virtue, Publisher, Toronto), have come to hand. They sustain the high character of the earlier numbers previously noticed. They are embellished with portraits of Sir A. T. Galt, Hon. A. Crooks, the late Judge Moss, Hon. E. Blake, and Sir Chas. Tupper, and by good views of Canadian scenery.

All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. W. BRIGGS, and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W H. WITHROW, M.A., Toronto.

(By permission.)

THE FIERCE WIND HOWLS.

Words by Rev. M. G. Pearse. Sidney J. P. Dunman.



2 But who are these that through the night
Move wearily, all drearily?
'Tis Joseph, forth from Bethlehem,
All hastily, all eagerly;
For Herod seeks the Child to slay,
And death will come if they delay,
And forth ere ever break of day,
They thus must flee, to Egypt flee.

3 The mother screens Him at her breast,
All carefully, all prayerfully;
She feels Him shiver in the blast,
All fearfully, all tearfully;
And so along their way they go,
Now numbed by night winds as they blow,
Now starting, fearful of the foe,
All helplessly, all homelessly.

4 Had we been there, O gracious Lord,
Most tenderly, most lovingly,
Our hands, our home, our all were given,
To comfort Thee, to shelter Thee.
And we may still—for Thou hast said
When hungry little ones are fed,
And outcast ones find home and bed,
'Tis done to Thee, as unto Thee.

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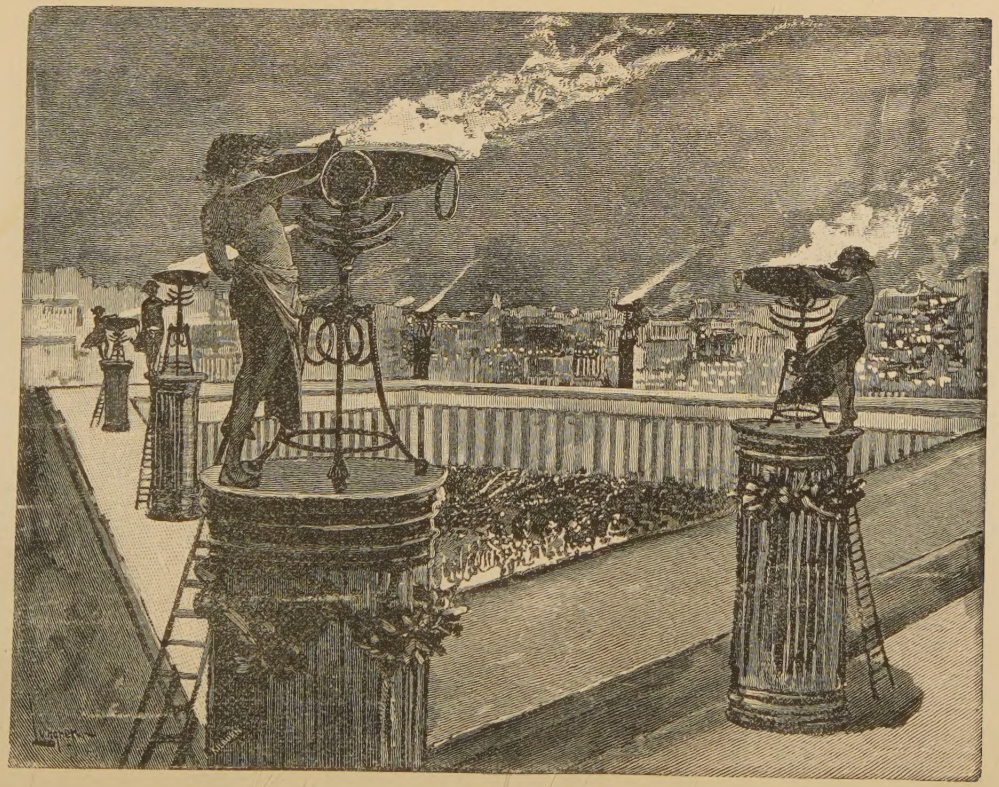

THE JEWISH FEAST OF LIGHTS.